

MISSOURI HISTORICAL REVIEW

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FLOYD C. SHOEMAKER, Editor

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CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM G. BEK, a native Missourian, is head of the department of Germanic languages in the University of North Dakota. His contributions, brochures and translations relating to German settlements in the United States place him among the highest authorities in this line of historical research. His translation of "Duden's Report," lately published in the *Review*, is regarded by scholars as one of the most important contributions to western history that has appeared in recent years.

WILEY BRITTON, author, public official, and Civil War veteran, is a native Missourian. Born in Newton county in 1842, he has spent much of his life in western and southwestern Missouri. From 1871 to 1905 he was special agent of the War Department and later special examiner of the Bureau of Pensions in investigating war claims in Missouri, where he examined fifteen thousand witnesses. Mr. Britton is the author of several valuable works on the Civil War, among which are the *Civil War on the Border* (2 vols.) and *Memoirs of the Rebellion*, 1863.

JOHN N. EDWARDS (deceased), one of the most widely known journalists of Missouri, was a member of Shelby's expedition to Mexico. He is regarded by some competent authorities as having been the greatest master of journalistic writing that the state has produced.

MISSOURI IN 1822

Reprinted from *The Arkansas Gazette*, December 3, 1822.

Missouri. A glance at the productions and commercial advantages of this state will prove it to be one of the most desirable parts of the union.

1. *Tobacco.*—This great staple is now in cultivation. Many farmers are raising it to a great extent; those who have been accustomed to it in Virginia and Maryland pronounce their crops here to be equal to any they ever saw, both in quality and weight. Inspections have been established by the general assembly at various points on the rivers, to facilitate its export and trade in foreign markets.

2. *Wheat.*—No part of the world produces better wheat. The want of large manufacturing mills have heretofore discouraged its growth. But that disadvantage is now removing. Two extensive steam mills are now building at this place, which will hereafter absorb the wheat of the country, and furnish New Orleans with fresh flour in the fall and winter, when the price is always good and the demand great.

3. *Hemp.*—This article is indigenous to Missouri. It attains its highest perfection here. The breaking and dressing has been the obstacle in its growth. That obstacle will be entirely removed by the introduction of the patent Hemp and Flax Breaker, which saves all the trouble of breaking and cleaning to a mere trifle.

4. *Cotton.*—The southern parts of the state, near New Madrid and Cape Girardeau, have raised this article for thirty years with as much success as the southern states, and it is now growing successfully in the middle parts, and north of the Missouri river from its mouth to the western limit of the state.

5. *Pork, Beef, Fruit, Vegetables.*—All abound here, and may be carried to New Orleans in the fall, when the market is always empty of these articles, the spring being the season for glutting it from Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

6. *Lead*.—Missouri contains enough of this to supply the world. It alone should balance the imports of the country, and might be made to do so. A cent a pound additional duty upon foreign lead, and a facility in obtaining leases by the citizens of the state, would make the product of the mines equal to the consumption of the United States, which now requires from \$300,000 to \$500,000 annually from England and the Mediterranean; a handsome sum to save to Missouri, more than enough to meet her exports.

7. *Iron*.—Numerous and rich beds of iron ore abound in the country, but not yet worked for want of capital. An inviting prospect is held out to workers in that metal, as they would have the entire market of the state.

8. *Salt*.—The quantity of salt water in Missouri is proverbial. The United States have granted the choice of 12 springs to the State of Missouri, some of which are now worked, and salt is now selling at Boon's Lick at 50 to 62½ cents per bushel.

9. *The Fur Trade*.—This rich vein of commerce is now fully laid open by the abolition of the factories. A large capital is already embarked in it. It is computed that it will employ a million of dollars per annum, and give employment to two thousand men. This is a cash trade in favor of the country; furs being an object of such necessity, both for use and ornament, as to command gold and silver everywhere.

The geographical position of Missouri is favorable for an extended commerce. Her great rivers with her numerous tributaries, open conveyances through the continent. She trades to Santa Fe, to the Rocky Mountains, to the falls of St. Anthony, to the Northern Lakes, to all the states upon the Ohio, and south to all the countries below. Steamboats have annihilated distances, and reduced freights to a trifle. Two and a half cents from New York to St. Louis by New Orleans! In a word, her rivers and steamboats realize all the advantages of a sea navigation, without the danger of storms, of pirates, of privateers, or of interruption from waves.

Enquirer, St. Louis, October 12.

Captain Perkins, of the Missouri Fur Company, arrived in town this week, with a boatload of furs and peltries, worth \$14,000 from the Rocky Mountains. Another parcel, belonging to the same company, worth \$10,000 is on the river, and expected to arrive in the week coming. The whole has descended the Yellow Stone river, and must have been transported more than 300 (?) miles to arrive at this place; such is the extent of country laid under contribution by the commercial position of St. Louis.

In this first adventure (since the revival of fur trade) to the Rocky Mountains, it is gratifying to learn that no hostilities of any kind have occurred with the Indians, and that present appearances promise great success to the enterprising citizens who are now extending their trade to that remote region.

St. Louis, October 15.

Santa Fe Expeditions.—It is not true, as published some weeks ago, that Col. Cooper's party were robbed by the Indians on their way to Santa Fe. Himself and the greater part of his company have returned, having successfully accomplished the objects of their journey, which were entirely commercial. *They drove three loaded wagons from Boonslick into the town of Santa Fe;* a novel spectacle to the Spaniards of that place, and truly characteristic of the spirit of the western people. They say they had no difficulty in getting along with these wagons, the country being open and level, and abounding with grass for their horses. Fifteen years ago the Baron Humboldt said that carriages would one day run from the city of Mexico to Philadelphia; his prediction is accomplished, but not exactly in the way that he expected. In return for their merchandise Col. Cooper's party brought back specie and some hundred mules, having lost 5 or 6 dozen of these animals by getting dispersed by a herd of buffaloes.

While at Santa Fe, the American character displayed another of its traits; an expedition was going against the

Camanche (*sic*) Indians; it was a chance not to be lost; and several of Col. Cooper's young men joined it. In the action which followed, all fighting to the admiration of the Spaniards, one of them (a son of Col. Cooper) was killed.

The party report that they met with the best treatment from the people of Santa Fe, who showed great desire for a commercial intercourse with Missouri, and inquired for Mr. Baird formerly their prisoner, who had engaged to return with merchandise. (Mr. B. left this place about a month ago with a caravan of sixty pack horses.)

These things compel the reflecting mind to pause and reflect upon the wonderful advantages of our country. Two years ago this paper labored to prove that Missouri would have a commerce with the people of New Mexico for their silver, with the Indians on the Rocky Mountains for their furs, and with China and Spain for the rich productions of the East Indies. Such suggestions were treated by many as chimerical. In the meanwhile the two first are accomplished and the third will accomplish itself in the same way; that is to say, by the bold and silent enterprise of the West, while the learned prejudice of the East is arguing that the thing is impossible, as indeed it would be if such writers had to do it!

Fall Market at New Orleans.—We wish to impress upon the minds of our citizens the immense difference between the *spring* and the *fall* markets at New Orleans. The former is always *glutted*, the latter always *empty*. In the spring, Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio, pour down their floods of produce. The low state of the rivers prevents the boats from setting out till after Christmas. Then thousands start at once. It is a race all the way to see which will arrive first. Many are stayed in running this race. In February and March they all arrive together at New Orleans; the market is surcharged with their cargoes, and the price of everything knocked down. The summer is coming on, and in a climate so hot and humid, that few articles will bear keeping, the owners are in haste to return to plant another crop. Sales, therefore, are inevitable, and the consequence is that every article must go for the lowest possible price. *Not so in the*

fall. Then the market is bare, and the river clear of boats. Everything on hand is stale, and more or less damaged by the heat and length of the summer. August and September, so deleterious to the health of the inhabitants, has a real influence upon all the imported provisions which have remained in the city during those months; and in October and November, when sickness subsides, when people again begin to flock into the city, and business to revive, then it is that fresh provisions from the healthy regions of the upper country are in universal demand and anxiously sought after by every one, *and then it is that Missouri should be seen in the market.* Having always the advantage of deep rivers, her citizens can choose their time of departure, and sitting (*sic*) out in Sept. and Oct. they will arrive at New Orleans when the demand is greatest, and when competition from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, is utterly impossible. Pork, beef, chickens, turkeys, bacon, flour, corn, oats, butter, cheese, apples, peas, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, everything that is eatable, is in demand. We are gratified to see that our citizens are already availing themselves of this pre-eminent advantage. Flat-bottomed boats, loaded with the produce of the country, have been passing our town daily for several weeks past, and many others are in a state of preparation for an early descent. From what we can learn about fifty will descend the Missouri, thirty or forty will come from the Upper Mississippi, and upwards of twenty from the counties below. This is a good beginning, which we may expect to see doubled or trebled next fall, and if the cargo of each boat only averages five or six hundred dollars, the effect on the prosperity of the country must be decisive and instantaneous.

Cotton.—Since we have taken notice of the growth of this article in this state, we have received accounts from various places which prove that it grows well both in this state and Illinois, even as far north as the forty-sixth degree of latitude. Crops are now growing in the Salt River country, a degree and a half above St. Louis; on the Illinois river as high as Fort Clark, and on the Wabash above Vincennes. At Boon's Lick it is raised in quantity. We hear of one farmer who is gather-

ing a crop of 25,000 lbs. and another is gathering 12,000, and a large proportion of the farmers are making enough for their use, and some to spare. Many parcels of home grown cotton are now advertised in the St. Louis market for sale. Let it be so with what we eat, and drink, and wear; and in two or three years, Missouri, now destitute of a currency, her rich lands going a begging, will find her dark night of depression joyfully succeeded by the sunshine of prosperity.

THE FOLLOWERS OF DUDEN

BY WILLIAM G. BEK.

THE AMERICAN AS A NEIGHBOR.

"As a rule the mutual neighborly relations were very amicable and the German settlers were by no means excluded therefrom. On the contrary the Americans were glad if the newcomers did not exclude themselves from intercourse with their American neighbors, in spite of their ignorance of the American idiom.

"According to the local usage it was customary for the natives to visit their new neighbors and to invite them to a return visit. If they found mutual pleasure in each other during this first visit, a good neighborly relation was forever initiated. However, there existed in some localities old feuds, which sometimes lay smoldering under the ashes for a long time. When some occasion gave rise to an outbreak, they resulted in bloody quarrels, which, tho apparently settled, still left behind a deep grudge, which again led to another outbreak. Only the death or the moving away of one of the parties assured security to the remaining ones. In such a neighborhood it was not well for one, who was wholly non-partisan, to be. If a stranger unwittingly came into such an environment, it was the best policy to observe a strict silence concerning all happenings in the neighborhood, for the most innocent utterance on his part might be misunderstood, and, altogether against his will, might bring him in conflict with one or the other party.

"Toward strangers these old natives were polite and considerate, provided these strangers were decent persons. They never molested them with curious and indiscreet questions. But the newcomers, who had not rid themselves of old absurd ideas of prerogatives of caste and imagined superiority, and those who took American freedom to mean the privilege of being boorish and of showing unbecoming arrogance were

treated coolly, and no hindrance was ever interposed to their departure.

"The formerly so customary and well-intended invitation to 'stay all night' caused the first Germans, who did not understand the English language, much perplexity. Since they translated the words 'stay' and 'all', according to their sound, with 'stehen' and 'alle', they could not understand, why they should 'stand all or every' night instead of going to bed.

"This invitation, so strange to the first Germans, dates back to an earlier time. When the settlements were still very much scattered and often separated by great stretches of forest, one could not make short visits. Moreover, it was at times too dangerous to leave the women and children alone for days. The whole family was therefore taken along, and the visits lasted for days. Time was not so precious as it is now. When the corn had been cultivated for the last time, the owner could go visiting for weeks and months without missing or neglecting anything thereby. The preparations for such a visit were soon made. The calves, which were kept in an enclosure, to cause the cows to come back in the morning and evening for the milking, were chased out in the woods with the cows, the fires were extinguished on the hearth, the door, without lock, was drawn shut, the husband and wife mounted horses, the larger children mounted the horses behind their parents, while the little children were held on the laps of their elders. In this manner the journey of sometimes 30 and 40 miles was begun.

"It sometimes happened that several families accidentally arrived simultaneously at the same house for a visit. This did not disturb either guests or hosts in the least. There was no lack of meat and bread, and tho the one bed or sometimes two beds, could not accommodate all the guests, blankets and hides were spread on the floor, where big and little snored on a common bed till morning.

"This custom still prevailed at the time when the first Germans came into these parts, tho at that time none of the dangers above mentioned obtained. Now, however, this

custom is decreasing more and more, and is practiced almost only among relatives.

"In the work which was too difficult for the single individual, the settler was dependent upon the co-operation of his neighbors. Such a request for assistance was hardly ever declined. Our oldest neighbors related that at the time, when they erected their larger houses, they had to call together their neighbors for 20 miles around to help in raising the heavy logs. In our time we could get enough helping hands in a radius of three or four miles. In piling the timbers on the clearing, the help of neighbors was also required. The log-rollings increased from year to year in proportion as the settlements grew, so that indeed a great deal of time was consumed thereby. There was a time, when I was invited to more than twenty such log-rollings every spring. Altho, for a long time, I was the only worker on our farm, and consequently all work ceased during my absence, I dared not decline such an invitation, because every year I was dependent upon the help of my neighbors myself.

"The women, too, required co-operation in their work. When, for example, a quilt was to be made, the neighboring women were invited. Likewise, tho much more rarely, cotton pickings were observed, for because of the fact that cotton was not raised in large quantities, the farmers did not have cotton gins, as the larger plantation owners of the south had, to clean the cotton of the seeds. Now and then a farmer made for himself a small hand-driven gin, but in most instances the seeds had to be picked out with the bare fingers. This was a most tedious and toilsome piece of work, which made the finger tips very sore.

"In ordinary cases of sickness the homely remedies of roots and herbs usually sufficed. Excepting the intermittent fever but few serious ailments occurred. The ordinary remedies, which the settlers had, they had acquired from their own experience, or they were a part of their racial tradition. As long as the patient was not confined to his bed, the neighborly sympathy did not manifest itself much. As soon, however, as the physician was called, the case was considered

serious, and tho it was not such as yet, it unfortunately frequently became so soon. The neighbors came, inquired concerning the state of health of the patient, and offered their help. When he became worse, so that watchers had to stay with the sick, there was never a lack of neighbors, who relieved one another at the sickbed, until the patient either got well or died. That the women were patient, observant, and loving nurses goes without saying, for that is the nature of women in all civilized nations, but I have often observed and marveled that the externally rough and harsh men of the woods could manifest so much skill, patience and consideration at the bedside of one seriously ill.

"The practical sympathy of the neighbors was no doubt very consoling to the relatives of the patient, but this interest was frequently carried to extremes, to the great harm of the one sick. In the log houses which were often very small and contained but one room, the visitors frequently went in and out the whole day long as in a dovecot. Only the most necessary questions were addressed to the sick. There was no loud talking in the room, and all noise was avoided as much as possible. Nevertheless the patient could not get the undisturbed quiet, which was essential to his recovery. This ceaseless opening and closing of doors, this walking on tip-toes, the many unfamiliar faces, and the uninterrupted subdued whispering was sufficient to drive a sick man insane. Who knows, whether many a one might not have gotten well again, if instead of this unrest, and this harmful excitement, undisturbed quiet and rest had been given him. The loving sympathy of the neighbors was, of course, worthy of appreciation, but their great ignorance in regard to the human organism did not allow them to recognize, that a falsely understood and exaggerated sympathy at the sickbed could only be harmful.

"The physicians of that early time, and even later, were for the most part extremely dangerous fellow citizens. There were, of course, exceptions to this rule, and a few physicians, who lived here a long time, enjoy a good reputation. But these, too, owe their success less to their scientific knowledge,

than to long experience, their common sense, and their conscientiousness, which prevented them from doctoring, where they were not sure as to what they were doing. The other, more numerous physicians, which appeared and then disappeared in just as mysterious manner, were of a meaner caliber. The manner in which such so-called physicians, who wished to get rich without hard work, had studied, justifies the poor opinion, which every sensible man had for them. If a young man felt within himself the stuff of which great men are made, and wished to bless mankind as a healer, he went, equipped with the wisdom of the elementary subjects, without any preliminary training to an older physician, and worked under him, for a longer or shorter time, as an apprentice, that is he read the medical books of his teacher, but unfortunately without understanding them. With such preliminary preparation, in which a few Latin phrases, which he did not understand played a great role, he attended the university for a semester, sat in the lecture room, saw a few sections and a few dissections, and a few operations, and then he was thru. But there were also those, who considered themselves physicians of deep insight, if they had only toilsomely stumbled thru some old trashy publication, which dealt with the art of healing.

"If one should undertake to record the countless failures and instances of malpractice of these doctors, he could fill tomes, without having to search far and toilsomely for material. Only a few illustrations will suffice to exemplify the scientific viewpoint of these physicians. A very trustworthy and experienced woman related to me, that she had once visited a neighbor, whose youngest child was very sick, and as was easily apparent, could live but a few hours. The physician, who treated the child, was at the house and seemed to have arrived at the end of his wits. Suddenly he took the dying child out of the cradle, ran with it up and down the room, and shook the poor little one in the most merciless manner. The terrified mother naturally took the child away from him, and upon her question, as to what he meant by such treatment, he said: 'just wanted to make a final effort to put the

blood in circulation again.' An old American whom I knew very well, but had not seen for some time met me accidentally on the streets of Washington, (Mo.). As it was the custom, I asked him about the state of health of his family. He told me that his wife had died. Naturally I inquired concerning the cause of her death, and received the following amazing information. He said, that the sickness of his wife had been a very peculiar case, that the physician had told him, that she had been attacked by two kinds of ailments at the same time, and that when he had almost cured her of one of them, she had died of the other.

"When a person had died, with or without the aid of a physician, the whole neighborhood was astir. There were no undertakers in those days, so the neighbors of the deceased rendered him the last service. The women cared for the bodies of the women, and the men for those of their sex. In every community there were some who had a small amount of walnut or cherry lumber on hand, which in case of necessity could be used for caskets.

"The dead were usually buried within twenty-four hours after their demise. In hot weather the symptoms of decay manifested themselves even after a few hours, and if the patient had been maltreated by his attending physician by being given mercury compounds till his teeth had fallen out and his gums had been perforated, there could be no doubt that death had actually occurred. But still these early burials did seem to be unbecomingly hasty.

"If the body had to remain in the house over night, several neighbors kept watch over him. Banquets and drinking, such as are said to occur at wakes, did not take place. At midnight a cup of strong coffee was taken to keep the watchers awake.

"While the body was being prepared for the burial, others made the grave. Many had on their own land a plot set aside as a burial ground for their own kin. There were, however, also community burial grounds, where not only the dead of several families were interred, but also strangers and new arrivals, who had no land of their own. The graves

were made with great care and accuracy. They were usually made in such a manner that the feet of the deceased were directed to the east. When the depth of four feet had been reached, the bottom was carefully smoothed and leveled, and then a depression, called the vault, was dug, which was made exactly of the shape of the casket, but was wide enough so that the casket could be lowered into it without touching the sides. At the bottom of this depression two pieces of wood were laid, so that the casket did not rest directly on the ground.

"When the body was lowered into the grave, a couple of men jumped into the grave and directed the slowly descending casket into the 'vault'. Then boards were laid over the casket and these were noiselessly covered with earth. Not until this had been done did the real filling of the grave begin. A mound was thrown up over the grave, and two small boards were inserted at the ends of the grave. All this was done with great calm and solemnity. Except for the weeping of the mourners scarcely a sound was heard at such an interment.

FESTIVALS AND AMUSEMENTS.

"In those early days, and even later, only the Fourth of July and Christmas were generally observed. Other church holidays, as for example Good Friday, Easter, etc., were not observed. Good Friday was, however, considered a very lucky day to sow flax.

"In the few cities of any importance, chiefly in Jefferson City, the state capital, also the 8th of January and the 22nd of February were observed. The former to commemorate the day of the Battle of New Orleans, where General Andrew Jackson defeated the English, and the latter to observe Washington's birthday. Even in the sixties these days were commemorated in Jefferson City, tho the ceremony consisted of little more than the adjournment of the legislature and the firing of a salute of thirteen guns at the state capitol.

"On the Fourth of July the neighbors of a considerable territory united in a great picnic and barbecue. For such a picnic a beautiful, shaded place, as free as possible of under-

brush, somewhere near a farm or at least not far from a good spring was picked out. There crude benches and tables were erected, also a speaker's stand, tho at times a thick tree stump answered the latter purpose. If a national flag could be found in the community, it was hoisted. No cannon being at hand, salutes were fired from anvils and old mortars. About noon most of the guests had arrived. The assembly was called to order, and quiet having been restored, the Declaration of Independence was read from the speaker's stand, and after a few patriotic speeches had been heard, the crowd gathered in groups, chatting and amusing themselves, as it pleased them best. The young people played games, the older ones camped under the trees in social conversation, while the women spread out the contents of the abundantly filled baskets upon the grass. The young folks and strangers, who had brought nothing to eat, suffered no want, for on every hand kind invitations were extended to them.

"For most of the crowd the barbecue was the most excellent part of the feast. In preparation for the barbecue one or more long and rather deep pits were dug. Wood was burned in these pits, until they were filled to a certain depth with glowing coals. Over these coals an entire beef or a couple of sheep or young pigs were roasted on the spit. Negroes usually attended to this work, and it must be said in their praise, that they usually did their work well. If no general table was set, each individual had such portions cut from the roasts as he needed. This meat was then eaten with the supplies which the housewives had brought along.

"Whisky, coffee and fresh water were the only drinks. Of wine and beer the old Americans only knew the names.

"The Christmas celebration was still more simple. There were no church services, no presents were given, and the beautiful German custom of having a Christmas tree was unknown. The natives observed the occasion by shooting. On Christmas eve a number of the young fellows of the neighborhood got together, loaded their hunting pieces, their muskets and old horse pistols, dating back to the days of the

Revolution, to the point of bursting and went from house to house. They approached the house as stealthily as possible, fired a heavy volley, which frightened the women and children. If no one appeared, they fired a second volley. Usually, however, the man of the house appeared at once at the door, fired his own gun into the air, as a welcome to his guests, and invited the whole company into the house. Then the whisky jug made the rounds and also some pastry was served. After chatting for a while the whole mob started off for the next farm, where a like racket was made. In this manner this nonsense was carried on till morning. Since usually a number of such crowds were making the rounds, one could hear the banging and booming in every direction, the whole night thru.

"Some of the revelers bored holes in tree trunks, filled the cavity with gunpowder and drove a plug down tight on the powder. Then they bored a small hole with a gimlet thru the plug, filled this with powder, and attached a fuse of tow, some three or four feet long. This fuse having been set on fire it was a question of getting away quickly, for usually it took but a few seconds till the ground shook under the terrific explosion.

"My old neighbor Bailey, like several of the other oldest settlers, made his own gunpowder, if his supply had been exhausted, before he could replenish it in St. Louis. The mixture no doubt contained the proper ingredients. However, it was not granulated, but consisted merely of black dust. Mr. Bailey often made successful use of this powder for hunting purposes. At one time his boys found a medium sack full of this stuff in the home. This entire supply we fellows shot away in a single night.

"The moistening of such powder-dust, for the purpose of granulating it, and the subsequent drying was a precarious experiment, which did not always turn out as desired and anticipated. In those days a joke was current. It was related that a certain man asked his neighbor: 'Well, how did your powder turn out?' He answered: 'Oh, it burned very well, while drying it, it caught fire and a lot of it burned up before I could put it out.'

"The young men of that time sought to excel one another in wrestling, jumping, and running. Many became very proficient in these sports. Horseshoe pitching was also very popular at times.

"Neither was dancing neglected. However, since only quadrilles and dances of that nature were customary, and since I disliked these dances and therefore never participated in them, I cannot give an adequate account of this form of amusement. The deportment at these dances was always very proper. The ladies were treated with much politeness and deference.

"What they called music in those days would not have been so designated in any part of civilized Europe. The few national hymns, marches and dances which these frontiersmen had, do not sound bad at all, provided they are played correctly and with the proper expression. But if these selections are played on a fiddle that is out of tune, in a maddening tempo, the auditor goes mad. Of the theory of music these backwoodsmen, of course, did not have a ghost of an idea, nor of the laws of harmony, key, or scale, or even notes. The few pieces which they played were played by ear, the knowledge of which had come down to them from former generations as a sort of auditory tradition.

"In justice and reason one ought not to criticise these old settlers too much for this ignorance of things musical, for music is an art which presupposes a higher degree of culture than that which is found in a country where more than the lifetime of one generation had to be spent in the wilderness, where the inhabitants had never heard anything that could even be called relatively good music. Nevertheless it is but natural that the musical productions of that period afforded abundant material for humorous remarks.

"To an ear trained in harmony the old-time music, of course, was torment, but in spite of all the discords it satisfied the dance-hungry youth of that day. Usually the orchestra of the backwoodsman consisted of only one fiddle. When I, for the first time, saw two fiddlers prepare to play, I was greatly pleased, for naturally I expected that one would play

the melody and the other an accompaniment. It developed however, that my anticipation had been premature, and that, as far as a musical treat was concerned, I had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. After the two players had tuned their instruments, so that they harmonized fairly well, both started as nearly as they could on the same pitch, and attempted to play the melody in unison. For a while they got along fairly well, but when they attempted to repeat the quadrille, the fingering of one of the fiddlers weakened, and he began to lag behind the pace which the other set. This mere trifle apparently concerned the fiddlers as little as it did the dancers. The speedy player did not slow down, but as soon as he noticed his superiority, he played only so much the more rapidly and was soon far ahead. Finally he indicated by an indescribable stroke over all the four strings, that he had finished. Perhaps half a minute later the other fiddler indicated a similar finale. According to the judgment of the crowd the first fiddler was the better player.

"Another incident will perhaps still better illustrate the musical understanding of that time. A few lovers of music had organized a little orchestra in Washington, (Mo.). It consisted of a first and a second violin, a viola, a 'cello and a flute. They played selections from the operas, that were popular at that time. Even tho most of the players were amateurs, their efforts provided their hearers many a pleasing and enjoyable evening. Among their auditors there was occasionally also an old American physician, a Virginian, who after the conclusion of one of these programs ventured to remark: 'You Germans are queer people. You don't make music as we Americans do. If several of us play simultaneously, we at least play the same melody, but the five of you have each played a different piece.' It was in no wise possible to make that musical critic understand that each had not played a separate melody, but that all instruments had complemented each other in one single selection.

"A so-called 'Vogelschieszen' (shooting at a wooden bird), which was arranged in the vicinity of Washington on the Fourth of July, 1840, is still pleasantly remembered by

a few of the oldest German settlers. Probably it was the first shooting match of this kind, which astonished our American friends west of the Mississippi. A representative of a genuine marksman's club of the old country would have observed many incongruities and irregularities when compared with the pedantic etiquette of a regular German shooting match of this nature.

"As I am not aware, whether at the present time such shooting matches are observed anywhere in this country, it may be in place to give a brief description of it for the benefit of those who may never have had an opportunity to witness one of these particularly German amusements. Such a bird, which is intended to represent the effigy of an eagle, with outspread wings, is carved out of substantial wood. It is about the size of a large raven. All the extremities, head, neck, wings, outstretched claws, and tail are carved out of separate pieces of wood, and are then attached to the body, which is known as the 'corpus'. The head is covered with a gilded crown, a ring is held in the bill of the bird, a little flag sticks in its breast, in one claw is held a scepter and a so-called imperial ball, also gilded, is held in the other.*

"The bird is fastened by an iron bar, running thru its breast, to a pole or sapling 20 to 30 feet high, and can be raised or lowered at pleasure. Different premiums are awarded for bringing down the respective extremities. When the bird is cleared of all its appendages, the ambition of all is to shoot off the corpus. The fortunate marksman is the champion, or as he is customarily called in Germany, 'the king'. This honor he holds for one year or to the time of the next shooting match. Such kings, however, have no prerogatives, except that they are subject to sundry expenses in consideration of the honor which has been bestowed upon them.

*These emblems of royalty and absolutism are very harmless, when only blazoned forth at a shooting match, but may future generations never lose sight of their national honor and of the immaculate patriotism of their ancestors, and thus never become acquainted in reality with these insignias and embellishments of monarchy.

(Mr. Goebel's own note.)

"A rough stand to shoot from was constructed about 70 or 80 yards from the bird. Rustic benches under the trees were provided for the spectators. The assembly was large, when one considers the time, and also many Americans were in attendance. The latter did not participate in the shooting, but came because of the novelty of the affair. Excepting a very few rifles of real marksmen, hardly any guns fit for such purpose were used. There were some antiquated, short German rifles without double trigger, and even double barreled shot-guns, loaded with balls were employed.

"At first tolerable good order was preserved. The names of the marksmen were registered and numbered and no one was allowed to step up to shoot until his name had been called. This discipline did not last very long, however, the impatience of these marksmen of moderate efficiency increased. They stepped nearer and nearer until they stood almost directly before the pole. All orderly firing had ceased, and sometime three or four shots were fired at once. When a piece of the bird was brought down, no one knew whose bullet had taken effect.

"Eventually the bird had been stripped of all of its appendages, so that only the corpus remained. This, however, seemed to be invincible. To make an end to it, the bird was let down and the piece of sheet iron which had been fastened over its breast, to prevent premature demolition was removed. Several shots had penetrated the sheet iron and had knocked off the black paint of the corpus. The black screw with which the corpus was fastened to the pole now was plainly visible against the white wood. The shooting was resumed with renewed vigor. At times the corpus was made to whirl around by a bullet but without decisive effect.

"Annoyed by the above mentioned disorder, I had discontinued shooting and had seated myself on the ground under a tree, looking on in silence. Presently Mr. Blackmann, our blacksmith, addressed me and urged me to take a hand again, to make an end of it. My constant intercourse with the oldest and best hunters of this whole region was well

known, and since my name was frequently mentioned in connection with the names of these hunters, I may perhaps have been considered a better marksman than I really was.

"Upon my demurring he rejoined, 'I have put the irons on that bird and know the condition of the material. It is a piece of tough linden wood, but a frost crack runs right thru the middle of it. If you put your bullet just under the screw the corpus is bound to burst.' I followed his directions and sure enough the corpus burst wide apart, but continued to hang on to its fastenings. My adviser now said, 'My boy, take good care, put you bullet just above the screw this time.' At my next shot the corpus fell upon the ground in two halves.

"A storm of applause followed, then came sincere congratulations without the least touch of envy. A great wreath was hung around me. It reached from my shoulder to my knee. All seemed delighted that the last part of the program, the dance, would now begin soon. Very much to my confusion I was asked to name the 'queen' of the dance, and a delegation on horseback was ready at that instance to bring her to the dance, no matter where she might be. I was shy and bashful. Moreover, I had at that time no intimate acquaintance among the girls, so I simply looked plagued and embarrassed. Someone came to my assistance, saying, 'Will you be satisfied if we go after Minnie?' and another voice added, 'Or after Charlotte?' So I replied, 'Well, well, I have no objection,—but you better bring both of them.' Upon this decision some young fellows galloped off. The girls who had thus been chosen as 'queens' were two very handsome daughters of a German, who at that time ran a mill in that neighborhood.

"It had grown dusk by this time. The older men had gone home with their wives and children. Most of the young men had ridden off to get their girls. The few who had remained, myself included, had stretched themselves under the trees to await the result of our delegation. More than an hour had elapsed, when we saw a little cavalcade emerging from the woods. Two snow-white figures behind two of the riders were proof that the 'queens' had been captured.

"The reception of these feminine dignitaries was not very ceremonious or solemn. They did not approach in a carriage drawn by a foursome. When the horses were reined up before the little group of marksmen, a strong arm was laid gently around the slender waist of each of the 'queens' and thus they were safely lifted off the horses. Amid merry chatting and joking they were escorted to what was to be our dance hall. It was a new log house, near the old Catholic church. Only the upper floor had been finished, and a ladder facilitated the entrance to this part of the house.

"A large, clumsy, double chimney extended thru the middle of this house. One little lamp, in one corner of the house furnished all the illumination which we had. Near this lamp our orchestra, consisting of a violin and a clarinet, had taken position. On one side of this huge chimney it was perfectly dark. Of course, the dancers frequently collided in the dark. The unavoidable and unpremeditated concussions did not cause ill humor or quarrels, but only provoked good-humored jests, and on they went again. Quadrilles were not called for, only waltzes, schottish and gallopades; polkas and mazurkas had not come into use at that time.

"The dancing around the chimney continued all night, until the sun had illumined our little dance hall. It was Sunday morning when we quit. Among our friends and acquaintances in Washington we found refreshment before we started for our homes.

"It was a matter of course that our 'queens' had to be taken home again by a respectable escort. I had the honor to take the younger of the 'queens' behind me on my horse, while my rifle lay across my lap, and thus I delivered my fair charge safely to her parents. At the residence of this German miller the whole escort was treated to a good lunch with strong coffee, whereby the 'queens' officiated as amiable hostesses. Then we took our leave, and each of us took his course towards his lonely cabin in the woods again.

MARKSMANSHIP AND THE OLD-TIME SHOOTING-MATCH.

"A detailed account of the hunt, as it was carried on in the olden times, does not belong to this little work, for a detailed treatment of this theme would, at the most, be of interest only to the friends of the chase, and might bore other readers. But since skill in shooting was an absolute necessity for the genuine backwoodsman, the chapter dealing with this art cannot be entirely omitted.

"Those who gained their knowledge of primitive conditions in the territories and young states only from reading novels, may easily have the erroneous notion that the Americans were the best shots in the world. Such an idea is entirely false, for the mountain hunters in all parts of Europe are, on an average, just as good marksmen.

"In this region the marksmen, who satisfy all the requirement of a good shot, have become very scarce. In the remote western states and in the little known wilderness of the territories there are even now, excellent marksmen, who shoot with a truly fearful accuracy. Thirty or forty years ago such marksmen were no curiosity in the counties, where squirrels and rabbits now constitute the entire game.

"Many people have good eyes and good judgment, but the indispensable quality of a good marksman, calmness and coldbloodedness, which enable him to rely at all times upon himself, are very rare. Hunters who become nervous at the sight of game cannot be reckoned among the good shots, even tho they carry away the prize at shooting matches. Calmness and coldbloodedness cannot be acquired by fixed rules, but must be attained by long and continued practice. To shoot at a dangerous animal from ambush is no trick, for even if he misses, the hunter is not in danger, but it requires a hunter of a different caliber to hit an enraged beast, even at a short range, and to hit it in such a manner that death is instantaneous, for if he loses his composure and only wounds the animal, then the hunting knife is his only salvation, and the outcome of such a combat is always problematical. The

unshakable calmness and levelheadedness of the old American hunters, qualities which never forsook them, even in the greatest danger, won for them the reputation of being superior shots, a reputation which they fully merited. In the extremely harmless targetshooting there are marksmen in all nations who are their equal.

"The firearms which were in use at that time were long, very long, single barrel rifles of small caliber. Bullets of which 50 to 60 made a pound were very rare. For deer and turkeys bullets, of which 75 or 90 made a pound, were considered sufficient, and for small game a rifle was used which shot bullets of which 100 to 150 and even more made a pound. The barrels of the rifles were from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet long, and the walls of these barrels were from 3-8 to $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick. On account of the great weight of these weapons, a special posture of the body, considerable muscular strength, and much practice were required. The grooves in the barrels were wrought with great skill and care. One accustomed to these weapons shot with great accuracy. The gun requiring percussion caps really did not become known here until the first Germans had come into the land, and at first did not find much favor with the old Americans. 'They went off too quick', they said. Strange to say, these old hunters twitched when they fired such a then modern gun, something they never did, when they used their old flint-locks. Upon the short, light German guns, especially the shotguns, they looked with sovereign disdain.

"Good marksmen who shot game on the run or the wing were very scarce, in fact hardly existed at all. This is not surprising, for in the more or less densely foliated forest there was no opportunity for such practice. Game was never driven but was shot while it was feeding, while it was on the lookout, or even while in its lair. If the approach of the game was observed, and if the wind was not unfavorable, it could easily be made to stand within range of the rifle, by a low call or soft whistling.

"It may be surprising that the old backwoodsmen, who justly had the reputation of being good shots, chose such

short distances at their shooting matches. As a rule they did not shoot farther than 40 yards, when shooting offhand, and 60 yards, when shooting from support. Those who shot in the last named manner, lay down on their stomachs and supported the end of their rifle, a short distance from the muzzle, on a fence rail, and braced themselves on their elbows.

"Shooting matches formerly occurred regularly every Saturday, from the middle of June to September. The men gathered either in the neighborhood of some small town or at the farm of some one, who was willing to dispose of a head of cattle. When the value of the steer or heifer had been agreed upon, the names of those who desired to take part in the match were recorded, and also the number of shots, for which each participant had to pay. According to an old custom each shot was valued at one shilling (16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents). Altho this English coin was not in circulation at all, they reckoned according to it for convenience sake, because six shillings made a dollar, and so each one could shoot six times for a dollar.

"Each marksman made his own target. Each took a little board, usually a shingle, poured a little powder on it, moistened it and rubbed it till a little, round, black spot was made. Over this spot he fastened a little piece of white paper, which could have any dimensions or shape, but which usually was square. Then he cut a 'V' shaped piece out of the paper and fastened it over the black spot on the board. Upon the now sharply defined black background he scratched a cross with the point of his knife, and the point of intersection of these two lines constituted the mark from which all his shots were measured. This cross the marksman could make in any way he desired, and on any part of the target that he wished, but the point of intersection, under all circumstances, constituted the center of his target.

"From the crowd two impartial men, who in no wise were participants in the actual shoot, were chosen as judges. These picked out a level, shady place, stepped off the distance carefully, and after all the targets had been handed them, the shoot began.

"There were no prerogatives of rank. Any one who wished to shoot called for his target. One of the judges set it up, usually against a tree, and at the direction of the marksman moved it back and forth, until the most advantageous light was obtained. Then the judge stepped aside a few paces, and when the shot had been fired, the target was taken away and another one, that had been called for, was put up. After every shot the judges announced the result, and it was sometimes highly amusing to observe, what nervousness prevailed among the younger marksmen, when the judges announced 'center broke', or 'dead center', for such a shot was sure to win. In this manner it went on till the last shot had been fired. Then the judges took all the targets and stepped aside, and with pieces of straw or grass made measurements until the five best shots had been determined upon. The decision was announced to the marksmen, who usually accepted it without protest or murmuring.

"While the shooting was going on the beef was butchered. The animal was driven to a suitable spot, shot down, skinned and cleaned where it fell, and divided into four quarters. Each of the quarters constituted a prize, and the skin and tallow constituted another prize. These prizes were called 'choices', because he, who had the best shot, could choose of five 'choices', that which he liked best, then the second best shot chose and so forth. The fifth shot had no choice, but took what the others had left. Sometimes it happened that an especially good shot carried off two or three 'choices', and it even occurred that one marksman won the entire beef, much to the vexation of the others. These were very exceptional cases, however, and it is easily understandable that such shots, however much their skill was admired by the others, were not particularly welcome as regular guests at the shooting matches.

"Of course, there was good and bad shooting, the latter especially if the light and the wind were unfavorable. But even if the shooting was not very good, a shot that missed the center by more than an inch was rarely a winner. When

the shooting was good, even a fourth of an inch from the center did not entitle the marksman to a 'choice'.

"Rifle shooting was in general a favorite diversion among the young men. Whenever several of them met, in the woods, on the road, at the farm, it never took long till some one suggested that they try who could shoot best. Often their shots were heard for hours. These young fellows were very cautious, that their bullets should do no harm. During their practice shooting they exhibited the greatest confidence and daring, however. If there was no object handy to shoot at or to fasten the target upon, one would hold the target for the other in his hand. Thereafter the other would reciprocate in like manner. Of course, only those who knew exactly the degree of skill of the others took part in this sort of target practice.

THE OLD MILITIA.

"According to an old law, which was passed after the admission of Missouri into the Union, all men between the ages of 18 and 45, and who were physically fit, were to assemble in their respective counties four times each year for military drill. Whether this law was strictly complied with in all the counties, I do not know. Here in Franklin county these inspections and drill were still customary, when we arrived. In April and September the companies assembled in every township. In May there was battalion drill, and in October the whole regiment was called together. In May, moreover, during a three days' instruction and drill, the higher officers sought to instruct and inform the under officers, from the captain down to the corporal.

"The officers from the major upward were appointed by the governor, those from the captain down were elected by the respective companies. A few of the higher officers seem to have had some conception of military tactics, but most of the lower officers knew hardly anything at all. It is true that the captains were given small books dealing with tactics, in which the commands were given, and the movements of troops were explained, but since most of these officers could

not read at all, or at least very poorly, they derived but little light from these manuals.

"In April of 1835, when I had barely arrived at military age, I received my first summons to appear on a certain day at Newport for military drill. In the summons it said: 'Come armed and equipped, as the law directs'. Since no one knew, what the law prescribed, everybody came equipped to suit his own fancy. Some of those, who lived at some distance, brought their rifles, because they were used to carry their guns, whenever they left home. These weapons were, however, not used in the drill, but were set in a fence corner, where they remained to the end of the inspection.

"One of my neighbors, a highly respected and good natured man was at that time captain. He was a very tall and thin man, who in his exterior had nothing that looked military. He carried an old infantry saber, in a leathern scabbard, usually on the proper side. This instrument, however, was very much in his way, for in marching the scabbard occasionally got between his legs, whereby his military grace was by no means enhanced.

"Finally came the command of 'fall in.' However, it took a long time till all were brought together, for the various groups, which were chatting, did not let this command disturb them in the least in their conversation. After some time the 50 or 60 men, which constituted our company, did stand together in a fashion, but a mob it was after all. Some had coats on, others were in their shirt sleeves, while still others wore their hunting shirts, etc., but none had guns.

"Now the captain and the lieutenants sought to place the company in a straight line, in which endeavor they succeeded after much difficulty. This one they pushed back gently, that one they pulled forward slightly by the shirt button. One man, who was endowed with unusual corpulence, could not be made to fit in the front rank at all, so he was placed in the rear rank, because there he had unlimited space for expansion to the rear.

"After all these difficulties had been settled, the captain explained what is meant by 'right about' and 'left about,'

the theory was put into practice, and when the company comprehended it well enough so that the majority, at least, turned in the direction that was called for, it was deemed safe to go to the drill ground proper, without the company being in danger of losing all touch with one another on the march. The preliminary instruction had been given on the one street of which Newport boasted. Since every man in the company knew, in which direction the drill ground lay, they all promptly and correctly obeyed the command of 'left about.' Then came the command of 'music,' and finally that of 'march.'

"The music consisted of a drum and a fife. The fearful noise which these instruments produced could not possibly be called music. It was nothing but ear-splitting discords, which the drum accompanied, without the least idea of time. The captain cried himself hoarse, 'Keep time, boys, keep time,' but this was asking too much of a body of men, most of whom stood in rank and file for the first time in their lives, moreover, with such a diabolical noise even a regiment of veterans would have gotten out of step.

"The way led past a spring. There the drummer suddenly placed the drum on the ground, and called out to the company, 'Hold on, boys, I am dry.' The other musician laid his fife beside the drum, and likewise went to the spring. The company remained standing, and the captain, realizing that in hot weather men get thirsty, also remained standing. To utilize the time, however, he took out his knife and cut off a chew of tobacco and began to chew. Since the saber was in his way during this operation, he had stuck it between his knees. Almost the entire company had 'fallen out' and had taken a drink. When they had returned to their respective places, the drummer cried out, 'Come on, boys,' and the captain, in order to give this request the proper authority, gave the command 'march.' On a wide, grassy plain, in part well shaded, we halted.

"The company was divided into four platoons and the drilling began. We tried various marches and counter marches, but if after a march of twenty paces the command

of 'halt' did not come forth, the company seemed in danger of dissolving itself into its individual parts. Finally a hollow square was formed, and the captain expressed himself as satisfied with our efforts.

"This hollow square formation served at the same time as a sort of information bureau, for persons who had lost horses or cattle frequently came to these inspections, because men from various parts were there assembled. Before the hollow square was dissolved, the captain addressed the desired question to the men, and frequently the wished-for information was forthcoming.

"What a good influence even reasonably good music has upon even an untutored militia was seen during a more pretentious inspection at Union. It so happened that both the fifer and the drummer were absent. So two Germans, one of whom could play the fife a little and the other, who had been a drummer boy in his youth, were asked to help out. They played simply, but in good time, so that the militia was completely electrified and drilled as they never had drilled before or after. At the close of the inspection the customary hollow square was formed, and the commanding officer, in well chosen phrases, thanked the musicians in the name of the whole regiment. At the same time a collection was taken up for them and the sum of \$15.00 was handed over to the musicians. Fifteen dollars was at that time a lot of money, and since these two Germans were beginners in their forest homes, this sum came in good stead.

"Of discipline and military decorum these militia men knew nothing. They offended, however, not because they were wilfully disobedient or intentionally obstreperous, but simply because they had no conception as to what discipline meant. The officers considered these transgressions as perfectly natural, and treated them in the most lenient manner.

"The review of a battalion, consisting of four companies, was ordered to take place in the upper valley of the St. Johns creek, in the so-called 'barrens,' that is cut-over land. These 'barrens' consisted of very fertile and almost perfectly level land, with here and there clumps of hazelbushes among the

high grass, and in places the ground was almost entirely covered with wild strawberries, for this was the end of May. Besides the company officers, there were present a general, a lieutenant-colonel, a colonel, and several adjutants. The higher officers were mounted, had sabers and wore red scarfs, otherwise their attire did not differ from that of the men. The battalion had 'fallen in,' and a couple of officers rode down the front to count the men, in order to divide them into eight platoons. At the end of the line the count of the first officer did not tally with that of the second officer, the former having a greater number than his associate. A second count was undertaken, but this time the difference was even greater than the first time. The line presented great gaps. The cause of this decimation was soon discovered. Far and wide these independent militiamen crouched and lay among the hazelbushes and picked strawberries. The officer in charge, far from being angered, laughed, and the colonel called to the adjutant: 'Adjutant, go and drive up these strawberry hunters.' When finally the strawberry hunters stood in rank and file, the superior officer merely said: 'Now, boys, behave yourselves. else we wont get thru with our exercise.'

"A few attempts to organize a cavalry company failed completely. The old backwoodsmen were not poor horsemen. They cared nothing about difficulties of terrain, and even thru rather dense forests and overhanging grapevines and branches they wound their way, with snakelike nimbleness, always with their rifle on their shoulder. Their horses, however, knew nothing about things military. These animals accustomed only to the sights and sounds of the forests, were often uncontrollable when on the drill ground. The sight of so many people, the calling and the noise, and above all the terrible music, crazed them, so that many a rider had difficulty to stick to his saddle. For this reason a regulated riding in rank and file, even without arms, was impossible.

"An impartial and competent judge could easily observe, that the drill of that time could never produce effective soldiers. The practice was therefore discontinued after a few

years. These inspections really never did have any military worth, they were usually considered a sort of a picnic. But those who judged the defensive ability of these Americans by their militia were very much deceived. In the War of Independence, as also in the second war with England they gave a good account of themselves. An old American, Samuel Phillips, a neighbor of mine, who participated in the Battle of New Orleans, often spoke of General Andrew Jackson, himself a sort of backwoodsman, who relied on his backwoods sharpshooters, largely from Kentucky and Tennessee, and said that after every volley from the long rifles almost the entire front of the enemy was seen rolling on the ground.

THE FIRST GERMANS IN MISSOURI.

"During the first twenty-seven years of my residence here, I went, at the most, three or four times to St. Louis. For this reason I can say very little about that city. In 1834 there were some Germans in St. Louis, to be sure, but since the entire population of that place scarcely amounted to 10,000, there cannot have been many Germans there at that time. Ten years earlier, of course, still fewer, so that it is almost certain, that Dr. Gottfried Duden was the first educated German who came to Missouri.*

"I have known German immigrants, who were so carried away by the account contained in Duden's book, (that is the 'Report of a Journey to the Western States of North America') that they protested against packing up their good featherbeds, prior to sailing for America. They said it was nonsense to take these featherbeds along, since they were going to a Sicilian climate. Fortunately the reverence with which the women regarded their featherbeds triumphed over the illusion of the men, for it did not take long till the women had cause to feel proud of their foresight.

"Duden had almost no other associates near his farm on Lake Creek except sons of the forest. Several brothers

*At this point Mr. Goebel speaks of Duden and Eversmann, as was quoted under the caption,—"*Biographical Facts Concerning Gottfried Duden*", *The Missouri Historical Review*, Vol. XII, No. 1, pp. 4, 5 and 6.

named Haun were his neighbors. They were of German descent, but of the language of their fathers they knew only a little of the almost unintelligible Pennsylvania German, and since Duden spoke English with difficulty, their conversation may have been labored indeed.

"German immigration into Missouri prior to the thirties seems to have been very slight, for the oldest Germans, who are still living, when asked as to the date of their arrival, rarely name a date which antedates 1833. What they report concerning earlier times is based on hearsay, but as a rule coincides so accurately with other accounts, that there can scarcely be any doubt as to validity of their report.

"In 1832 or 1833 the so-called 'Berlin Society' came to Missouri settled on the sparsely settled land, on the left bank of the river, a few miles north of the town of Washington, which had then been but recently founded on the south bank of the Missouri. Washington at that time scarcely numbered a dozen houses, and they were of the most modest architecture.

"The members of the 'Berlin Society' did not belong to the working class. They were almost all of them estate owners, bankers, merchants, doctors, and a number of them were actually of the nobility. The latter had no profession except to be noble, and therefore had no substantial basis of existence. Most of these immigrants gathered no moss, but lost the moss which they had brought along, and some of them ended wretchedly. The old Americans observed the doings of these people with dumb amazement, the German laughed at them, for the dignified ceremonials and the rather severe etiquette of their society contrasted strangely with the simple customs of their neighbors.

"One of them, whose name was on everybody's lips at that time, was an eccentric and original but thoroly good old gentleman named Bock.* In Germany he had owned an

*The writer has tried very hard to get more first-hand information concerning this interesting pioneer. To date, his efforts have not come up to his expectations. He is, however, inexpressibly grateful to a descendant of the above named Mr. Bock, namely Mr. Frank von Borries of Louisville, Ky., who writes the following in a letter to me under the date of December 16, 1918:

estate, and is said to have been very rich, when he came to Missouri. On his land he laid out a town, which he named Dutzow after his former estate. He practiced boundless hospitality. Because of the class distinction which existed, his more humble German neighbors avoided his home. The loafers of the nobility, who excelled in nothing but outward good manners, abused his generosity so much the more. Great hunts were inaugurated. Game was abundant and so the results of such hunts were very satisfactory. Hunting, however, is no substantial source of income, and since the farms were neglected by such diversions, all this splendor lasted only a few years. The old gentleman had one son and six daughters, who were very beautiful and much sought for. I knew several of these ladies and can certify that they became highly respected and capable housewives. After their family had grown up, Mr. and Mrs. Bock lived with their married daughters.

"Mr. Bock was a very sociable and agreeable gentleman, very jovial and interesting. He liked to speak of many projects, which he contemplated carrying out, but which all

"My great grandfather was Johann Wilhelm Bock. He lived in Luebeck, one of the Hanseatic League cities, and I presume my grandfather was born there. My grandfather's name was Wilhelm Johann Bock, who owned an estate named Dutzow, situated in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which he disposed of, when he brought his whole family to the United States, and finally settled in Missouri. My grandmother was Helene Sophie Nanne of Hanover, Germany. My grandfather's family was a large one, whose daughters all married, and whose descendants are scattered all over Missouri. A great many of them are now living in St. Louis. Emilie, born 1812, married Adolf Krueger, a lawyer, and settled in Washington, Missouri. Herman, born 1814, was surveyor and civil engineer, and surveyed most of the state of Kansas; Herman, a town in Kansas is named after him. Helene, born 1816, married Major Mueller of the German army, who later became a forest warden and finally settled in Augusta, Missouri. Minnie, born 1817, married Frelherr von Morsey, a forest warden in Germany, but later an attorney at law, who settled in Warrenton, Missouri. Cecile, born 1819, married Dr. A. Wulkop, a physician, who later moved to Louisville, Kentucky, and finally settled in Evansville, Indiana, where some of the children now live. Julie, born 1823, died in 1835. Charlotte, born 1826, married Eugene Weldner, and lived in St. Charles county, Missouri. Marie, born 1829, married Julius von Borries in 1847, and lived in Louisville, Kentucky, where she raised a family and after the death of her husband made her home with her daughter in New Orleans, Louisiana. She died in her eighty-fifth year. I am the oldest son of Mrs. Marie von Borries.

"The settlement (at Dutzow, Missouri), must have been composed of many folks of higher education and must have been an oasis of culture in the backwoods of those days. My mother told me many things of those times of that pioneer family."

came to naught, because their execution would cost millions, which he unfortunately could not command. Among his hobbies the following afforded opportunity for many a jest among his neighbors. Lake Creek, which flows past his place, is a very small brook, which can be crossed dry-shod in many places when it has not rained for some time. This brook flows into a small lake, which drains into the Missouri river, two miles distant. This lake he wanted to make navigable and connect it by means of a canal with the Missouri, and in Dutzow a large, fashionable hotel was to be erected. He hoped that then the rich plantation owners and other millionaires of the South would make the little idyllic Dutzow their summer residence.

"The 'Berlin Society' did not further the standing of the German element in any manner. Its members had grown up in all the enjoyments and prejudices of the aristocracy. They did not fit into the environment of a new and just evolving country. The revolutionists of the thirties and forties were people of a different type. Tho some of them failed to adjust themselves to their new surroundings, and consequently led a rather pitiful existence, the great majority became very useful and highly esteemed. In times of great political calamities their influence and service proved to be of the greatest value and importance. The entire German nobility of 1832, if it had organized itself into ever so many 'Berlin Societies,' would not have secured for the Germans in Missouri the respect and recognition which they got thru the deeds of such men as Carl Schurz, Frederick Hecker, Frederick Muench, (A. G.) Finkelburg, Emil Muehl and their numerous friends.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOURNEY FROM BALTIMORE
TO THE WEST.

"On the twenty-third day of July, 1834, a stately three mast sail ship sailed up the Chesapeake bay and lowered anchor before Baltimore. It had on board the second division of the Giessen Emigration Society,* in addition to about 40 immigrants from Wurttemberg and Baden. The organization of the society had already been abandoned and dissolved before landing, so each one could do just as he liked. The whole company seemed, however, to have St. Louis as its objective, for at Wheeling almost the entire group met again. One man by the name of Schmutz, from Altenburg, had died of the cholera a few days after our landing in Baltimore; another man, who had been especially boastful as to what he would do in America had made himself ridiculous by taking a return ship to Germany, while a master baker by the name of Graf had settled in a little town in Pennsylvania. All the rest of our crowd were ready to seek its fortune farther west.

"The few Germans whom we learned to know casually in Baltimore, shook their heads, when they learned, that we intended to go to Missouri. They said, that there we would be in danger of being scalped by the Indians, that the whites were all robbers and murderers, and on account of wild beasts and poisonous snakes it was perilous to step out of the house.

"The journey from Baltimore to Wheeling was made per wagon. Friederich Muench, Heinrich Becker from Nieder-Gemuenden and my father had jointly hired two wagons and decided to travel together. We journeyed very slowly, scarcely making more than fifteen to eighteen miles per day.

*This emigration society was organized by Paul Follenius and Friedrich Muench in Giessen, Germany. It contemplated emigration on a large scale to the United States. They came in two divisions, one under Follenius going via New Orleans, the other under Muench via Baltimore. The undertaking as a whole was a failure. To be considered under separate heading in connection with the life of Friedrich Muench.

We found the people along the highways very hospitable and kind. The men of our company rarely rode but walked ahead of the wagons. Without any notable event having happened, we arrived at Wheeling on the 15th August. From Wheeling we planned to take the steamboat down the Ohio. The water was so low, however, that only few boats and then only small ones were operating. After a wait of a week, we found a captain, who was willing to undertake the trip with his boat. called the 'Fairy Queen.' The freight belonging to the passengers was loaded on flatboats, which were fastened to the side of the steamboat. The captain was a very kind man who took great delight in the singing indulged in by his passengers. One revolutionary song of thirty-four stanzas, in which each of the German princes was remembered, and one kind of misfortune or another was wished upon him, was very popular among the immigrants. This song we had to sing for the captain every evening from beginning to the end.

"Tho we had been in the country but a few weeks, we had even then experienced a number of disappointments, fortunately of a harmless nature. While traveling thru Pennsylvania, a landlord served some beautiful yellow cornbread. We had never seen this sort of bread, and all thought it was fine cake. After the first bite, however, every one laid it aside in great disappointment. Another incident: When our boat stopped in Cincinnati, several passengers bought a large watermelon at one of the many fruit stands there. Since many Americans eat such melons right on the street, the dealer laid out a long knife and a plate with salt. The American custom of eating melons with salt was unknown to the immigrants, they took it to be sugar and applied it rather generously to the slices of melon. Greatly disappointed they quickly laid down the pieces of melon which they had spoiled, and in addition had to suffer the taunts and gibes of their fellow travelers. Another time, when the boat stopped to take on wood for fuel, some fellows brought from a corn field a melon, which, however, proved to be a pumpkin.

"After we had passed the mouth of the Ohio, and were steaming up the Mississippi, the cry of 'Woman overboard!'

rang out. Rushing to the side of the boat, we just saw the woman disappearing in the water. The crew seemed just as composed as the passengers were excited. The cry of terror had scarcely died away, when a small skiff, well manned, shot like an arrow down the stream, and in a few minutes the woman was safely on board again. It was Mrs. Meiszner from Altenburg. In attempting to dip some water out of the river she had lost her balance. The accident caused her no harm, for a few days later she became the mother of a healthy boy.

EARLY GERMAN SETTLERS.

"Forty-two years ago St. Louis was still a relatively insignificant place. It did not have as many good substantial houses as many a country town now has. Along the steamboat landing there were several large stone buildings, which were used as store houses for freight. On Second and Third streets there were still many unoccupied building lots, and the streets themselves were not very long. Farther back, where the court house now stands, the houses were very much scattered, so that the direction of the streets was poorly marked by them. Farther west came the 'barrens.' By this term one meant a piece of land, which might be called half prairie and half forest. It was covered with grass and low bushes, such as hazel and sumach, and in places were single trees and then again groups of trees.

"While the older members of the immigrants were busy finding homes, we younger fellows roamed over these 'barrens,' and shot the large passenger pigeons, which in that particular fall migrated in such enormous flocks that the sun was frequently shut out for seconds.

"The town had at that time only one market place, and a single ferry-boat established communication between Missouri and Illinois. The place at that time looked bare, desolate and uninviting, so that every one was glad to move on. In the place, where we young fellows went gunning, a good piece of land could have been bought for a few hundred dollars, which to-day would be worth more than a hundred

thousand. But no one, least of all new immigrants, had any idea that in a few years this place would become one of the chief trade centers of the world.

"When the company from Geissen came to St. Louis, they found some Germans there, and most of them seemed to be doing well. It is certain from the above that it was not the natural beauty of the place nor the prospect of becoming rich by speculation in land, which had kept the Germans there. What did hold them was the fact, that they could secure a lot of work to do, and the wages which they received were enormous, when compared with those which they had gotten abroad. Provisions of every kind were cheap, and so many a one learned to comprehend the meaning of the ancient adage: *ubi bene, ibi patria*, and stayed. Many of them indeed became very wealthy in time.

"The members of the first division of the Giessen Society had left St. Louis, when we arrived with the second division. Most of the first group had gone to Illinois, in order not to become citizens of a slave state. A few had remained in Missouri, and several of their friends in our group followed them. As far as I know, none of them went farther west than Warren county on the north side of the Missouri, and Franklin on the south side. Only a few were lucky in the choice of a farm. Eighty or a hundred miles farther west they would have found better land. To the American farmers, who, having come much earlier, and so naturally had pre-empted the better land, these German pioneers became an object lesson, showing them what diligence, endurance and contentment can accomplish. By and by their little farms were expanded into large farms. By the time the second generation had grown up, these once poor immigrants bought the farms of the old Americans, who earlier prophesied their ruin, and divided these farms among their children. These old Americans could or would not adopt rational and modern methods in agriculture. The consequence was that, when the country settled up and the public pastures were privately owned, they became more and more indebted, had to sell

out and move on to regions, where cheap land was still to be had."

Mr. Goebel then tells us how his father, a professor of mathematics, contrary to the best judgment of his friends, decided to go to the country, as Duden had advised in his "Report." "A merchant, Benzen by name, had bought a small 'improvement' in Franklin county, which he offered to rent to my father, in order that he might see, by a practical test, whether he would like the life of the country or not. This little farm was located at Newport, near the present site of Dundee." Professor Goebel and Gert started out on foot to go from St. Louis to Newport, a distance of about sixty miles. On the way they became acquainted with the genuine, whole-hearted hospitality of the real Missouri backwoods-men. They spent the first night in the hut of one of them, and were feasted on cornbread, pork, wild turkey, wild honey, fresh butter, eggs and strong coffee. Here they met a Pennsylvania German who was building a new house for the backwoodsman, and he served as interpreter. The second night they spent with a Mr. North, near the present site of Labaddie. This man had many slaves. Finally they reached the town of Newport, an insignificant place, consisting of a stone house and a few log houses, several of which were empty, a store, and a blacksmith shop. A few years previous, when Newport had been the county seat of Franklin county, the above named stone house had served as courthouse. When the Goebels arrived there it was occupied by Samuel Rule and his large family. One and a half miles west of Newport they found a Swiss named Wetter. They found the Benzen house occupied by an American, who was later found to be a horse thief and counterfeiter. The house was made of unhewn logs, had no window, only a hole for a door, a puncheon floor, and a defective roof. Having been warned of the condition of the house, Mr. Goebel, Sr., had taken a carpenter along to make the necessary repairs. This man was Jonathan Kuntze who later settled on the Femme Osage in St. Charles county. After viewing the house the Goebels went back to Washington, where they stopped at the boarding house of

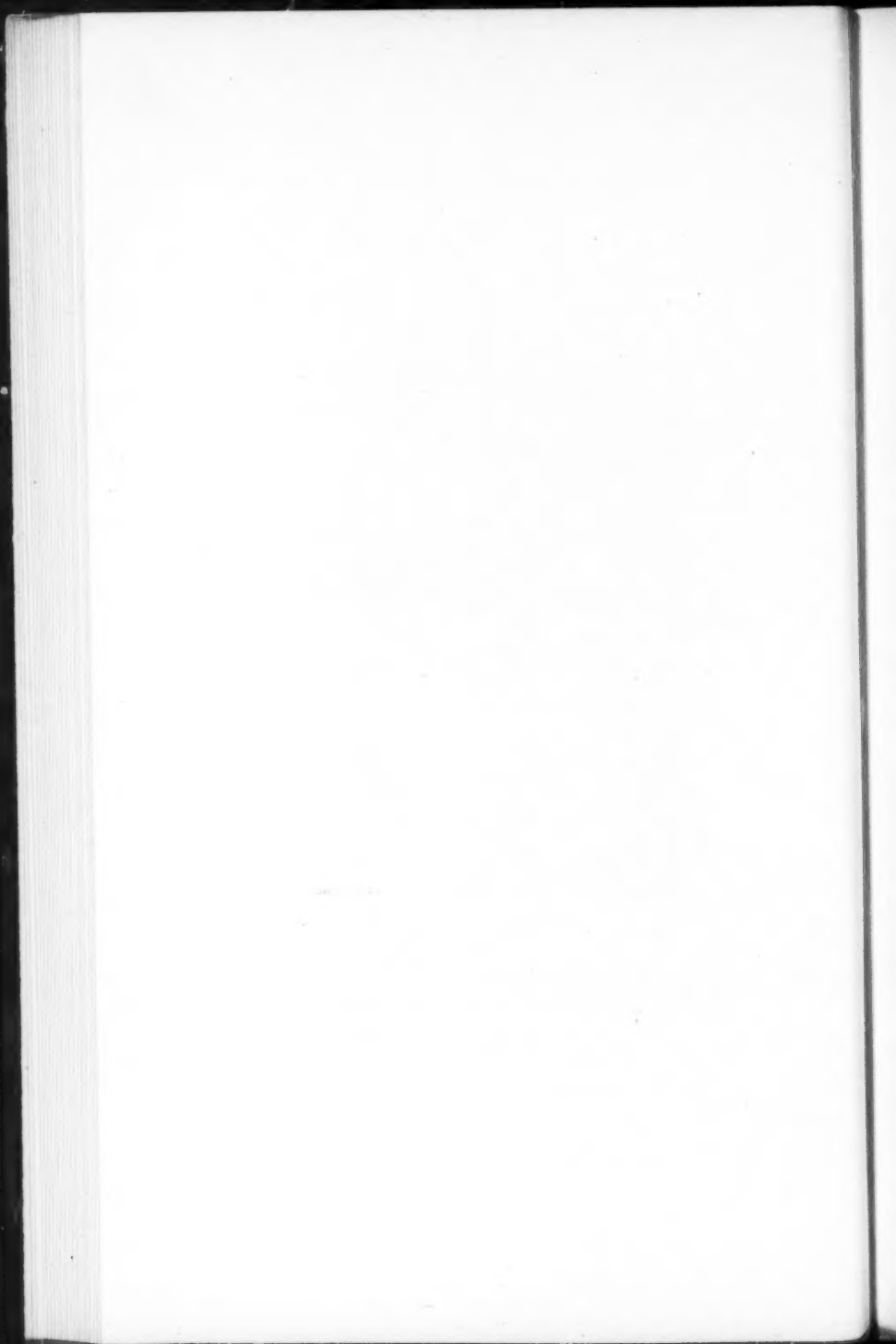
Charles Eberius, who years ago had come from Halle, and previous to coming to Missouri had lived for ten years in Kentucky, where he had married an American woman. This man spoke English fluently, and had been made justice of the peace, as Goebel suggests, because he was one of the few in that region who could read and write. Having become footsore the older Goebel found it impossible to walk back to St. Louis. Rafts of timber from the Gasconade pine forests having just tied up at Washington, they decided to return to the city on one of these rafts.

The experiences of this unique journey I shall let Mr. Goebel tell in his own language. Before doing so, however, I wish to let him relate something further about Newport. We read: "It is hard to imagine what induced any one to lay out a town here. Only the hope that this place might become the permanent county seat may have justified this speculation. The little plateau on which this so-called town was located contains space enough for a good size town, the surrounding country, tho hilly, has much good land, but the Missouri was three-quarters of a mile away and the way to the nearest landing was almost unpassable. Since those days the little town has gone back more and more. About all that is left there is a large unsightly brick structure which serves as a Baptist or Methodist church. The building of the railroad ended the last chance which Newport had. A little above the old steamboat landing, the railroad passes over the confluence of the big and the little Boeuf creeks and there we find now the station and an insignificant post-office. Abraham Bailey, who owned the adjoining land, laid out a town there, which he called Dundee in memory of his father's native place in Scotland. The little place after fifty years of growth, boasted of a half dozen frame structures. Perhaps the dozen will be full when we write 1900."

To return to the account of Goebel's return journey to St. Louis, we read: "At that time most of the timber that was used in St. Louis and along the river came from the upper tributaries of the Gasconade. In that unsettled wilderness the lumber was sawed, assembled in small rafts, floated down



GERT. GOEBEL



the Gasconade to the Missouri, where several small rafts were assembled into a large one. Each raft was manned by six or eight men, who, by means of great oars, kept the raft in the current and off the sand banks. These raftsmen were wild, rough fellows. Most of them had grown up in the woods and on the rafts. They knew no home life, no higher pleasures. Their life afforded them but two alternatives, namely work and hardships of the severest kind or absolute idleness. The fights which they had, at times, with their own fellows, often terminated in the most terrible mutilations. Bitten-off noses, ears and thumbs, loss of eyes, and knifecuts were nothing unusual among them. Strangers who met them kindly, as a rule, had nothing to complain of, however.

"Mr. Eberius, who had secured passage for us on the raft, gave us a large piece of cornbread, a piece of raw bacon, a bottle of whiskey, and a half dollar, for which I left my shotgun as security. Since I do not know if ever before or since a professor of mathematics and ducal court librarian took a trip down the Missouri on a raft, a few words concerning this journey may not be out of place.

"Very early the next morning Eberius took us to the raft and introduced us to the captain and his crew, all of whom shook hands with us. These fellows did not look exactly confidence inspiring. The captain wore a pair of shoes which allowed the toes free play in the open air. Except for these shoes the captain could not be distinguished from his men, who were all barefooted. A shirt that evidently had not been washed, except by an occasional rain storm, a fractional part of what once was called trousers, a piece of felt of indescribable form, constituted all the clothing these men wore. A small heap of old torn blankets lay upon the raft, which, as the occasion required, served as bedding or as rain coats. It was the usual custom of these old raftsmen, after they had reached their destination, had sold their timber and had received their pay, to go to a clothing store and buy new clothing from head to foot. Then they would take these new clothes to some secluded place, preferably below a high river bank, and change their garments. Before they came to

view again their old attire could be seen floating down the river. Then they went to a barber shop and presently these wild sons of the woods came forth shaved and perfumed and with their hair cut. The remainder of their pay was often spent in one riotous night. Those among them who were a little more careful, and perhaps had wives and children, bought all sorts of useless trinkets for them. Then they started back on their long, toilsome journey of more than a hundred miles to the wilderness, to start all over once more.

"One ought not to judge men by the clothes they wear. These dangerous looking fellows showed themselves to be kind, polite toward us, and very sympathetic when they observed that we were doing our best to converse with them. I helped them row as much as I could, if for no other reason than to while away the time. My father tried it too, but they soon took the oar out of his hands with the remark, 'That is too hard work for you, old man.' Our small supplies and our whiskey we shared honestly with them, and thereby acquired their esteem in a high degree.

"It is a strange sensation to sit on a raft that is almost level with the water of a great stream. If there is no wind the motion of the raft is not felt at all. Only by fixing ones eyes on some point on the bank does one observe the movement, and it seems as tho a panorama were slowly unrolled before the observer, whose own standpoint is fixed.

"The professional raftsmen knew every house along the river. When the evening of the second day of our journey came, they told us that the new farm of Captain Welker was near by. We hunted the place out and spent the night there. On the following morning we were again floating in the middle of the river before the first rays of the sun appeared over the horizon. The evening of the third day we were back in St. Louis.

"A few days later we steamed up the river on board of the O'Connel. Shortly after passing Washington, the signal for a landing was sounded. We looked about in astonishment. Far and wide not a trace of a house, only a high, precipitous bluff. The boat landed, the gangplank was thrown out, and

the hands began to unload our goods. My father protested, but the captain assured him, that this was Newport landing. This gentleman also informed us, that a 'Dutchman' lived beyond the high bluff. Him we now started out to find. It was Franz Boing of Frankfort on the Main. He spoke English rather fluently, and so was a most valuable neighbor. In 1842 he moved to Hermann, where he became a merchant and later probate judge. This Mr. Boing declared that he could take care of my parents and my two sisters, but advised that my friend Ferdinand* and I had better stay with our baggage at the landing. This long lonely vigil I shall never forget. It was not till nearly noon the next day that we saw a two-wheeled cart, drawn by two oxen which were driven by a negro approaching the landing, to haul our belongings to the Boing farm.

"The repairs of our house were begun at once, and little by little we hauled our effects on a one-horse sled to the Benzen place. Such sleds were in common use in those days, in the whole community there were only a few two-wheeled carts and only one four-wheeled wagon. For general purpose such sleds were quite sufficient, for the forest was close at hand and fuel was easily obtained, fence rails were usually made on the field, that was to be fenced in, and for the hauling of corn from the field the sleds were quite adequate.

"Much of the work done by the natives looked so simple, that we thought we could easily do it. We soon learned that every trade and occupation requires a certain skill. For example, we observed how our neighbors cut their corn fodder and set it up in shocks. We undertook to do the same, but in spite of all our toil we had scarcely begun the second shock, when the first had already fallen down. While thus engaged in cutting corn Caleb Bailey, who said he was our nearest neighbor, came over and made us understand, that the dry cornstalks which we were cutting had no value as fodder so we desisted from this irksome task.

*Gert Goebel's son, Mr. August Goebel of Union, Missouri, thinks that this friend of his father's must have been Fredinand Briegleb, relations of whom still live in Franklin county.

"Another lesson which we had to learn pertained to the simple principle of splitting fence rails. I had suggested to my father that he had better hire one of our neighbors for a day, and let him show us how it was done. My father, however, responded that the splitting of wood was such a simple matter, that with a little thinking, we would soon understand it, just as well as our ignorant American neighbors.

"It is true, that mathematical and astronomical problems can be solved by hard thinking. It is also true that the splitting of fence rails does not require any scientific training, for most of our skilled woodsmen could neither read nor write, nevertheless the work in which these men showed so much skill required an infinite amount of practice and the most varied experience. Mere thinking could never teach us that the beautiful, slender sycamore could not be split by any man, that of the different elms only a single variety can sometimes be split, that of the black gums, which sometimes grow forty to fifty feet absolutely straight before the branches begin, not even a short log can be cleft in two. We did not know that the kind of timber most commonly used for rails was the different varieties of oak, nor did we know that even these did not always split well.

"A hillside near our field had been almost completely deforested. Only here and there we found a few large black oak and white oak trees standing. To any one initiated into the mystery of the forest it would have been clear that there was a reason why these fine trees had been spared. We in our ignorance undertook to fell them, but could not get a decent chip out. We hacked all around the trunk until it finally came down. The stump looked as if beavers had gnawed it off. This sample of our skill was for a long time an object of amusement to the passing Americans. By noon my father had his hands full of blisters, so that he had to give up the work. During the afternoon I succeeded in felling two more trees in spite of my aching hands. On the following day these trees were to be cut into ten foot rail lengths. In spite of all our efforts, the second day saw only seven rail lengths cut. But our effort at splitting the logs capped the

climax. Instead of setting our first wedge at the larger end of the log, we set it at the smaller, pounded away at it until it was driven entirely into the wood. By this time the maul was a wreck. Ferdinand was sent to get another maul from Boing. In the meantime we set to work to make a maul ourselves. Unfortunately we chose the most useless kind of wood for this sort of an implement, namely black walnut. We chopped out our wedge and set it in a new place. Presently it, too, stuck tight, without having produced even a slight split, while our new maul lay in splinters. Again we chopped our wedge out, and again proceeded to drive it with Boing's maul, which Ferdinand had in the meantime brought. By the end of the day we had all our wedges chopped out again, Boing's maul lay in ruins, but not a single fence rail did we have to show for. The following day we were very much downcast and physically sore.

"The next day Tom and Bill Bailey visited us. We told them what we had done. They only laughed and asked us to get our axes and to go with them. They took us to a part of the woods, where black oaks abounded, selected a particularly straight one, placed themselves on opposite sides of the tree and began to chop. With every blow chips as large as your hand flew in every direction. In less than five minutes the oak lay on the ground. They measured off four lengths. Each of the lads sprang on the log and they began to cut it in two. One side of the cut was as straight as if it had been sawed. Then they selected a tough young white oak for a maul, cut it off close to the ground, trimmed the handle with their ax and smoothed it with their pocket knives. With even more skill and ease they made a couple of wedges from another tough tree. The iron wedge was set in the larger end of the log. A few blows sank it in and the log was half split open. Following up with the wooden wedges, the log lay in halves. This all was done in an incredibly short time. The halves and the quarters of the log were handled in the described manner. In less than two hours they had finished between forty and fifty rails. We had learned more in those

two hours than we could have acquired by several months of hard thinking.

"This fence rail story illustrates sufficiently the manner in which the Latin farmers began their career as backwoodsmen.

"The repairs on our house having been made, we moved in late in the fall. The first winter was a very melancholy one, for we really did not have anything we could do. Our chief occupation was to supply wood for the ravenous fire place. The rest of the time I roamed about the woods with some of our neighbor boys. We only got small game because we did not know how to approach turkeys and other game, tho there was plenty of it. Another form of work that fell upon me was to procure flour. In those early days there were but few mills and these few did not accomplish much. It was not much better than it had been during the very early days of the first settlers. My old neighbor Enoch Greenstreet related to me that his father, who settled on Boeuf creek in the first years of this century, contrived to help himself in this manner. He fastened a long pole to an upright post, as in the case of the old fashioned draw-well, weighted one end of the pole, and to the other he attached a piece of grape vine, to which he had fastened a heavy piece of hard wood as a sort of pestle, with which he crushed the corn in a trough, the weighted end helping him raise the pestle after each blow. In this manner he made his corn meal. Wheat flour those old timers got only when they could purchase a sack of it from a keelboat that passed up or down the river; however, sometimes a whole year passed by before such an opportunity presented itself.

"During our first years there was a water mill in the neighborhood of Washington, on St. Johns creek, and farther up in our neighborhood there was also a small mill on the same creek. These institutions, however, lay idle for eight months in the year, because they did not have water enough to run them. A few horse driven mills had to help out. The best of these was to one operated by the old John Gall. What first attracted us to him was the fact that he spoke German,

that is to say, Pennsylvania German. If I am not mistaken, his father was one of the Hessiens, whom the cruel rulers induced to emigrate, that is to say, sold to the English to do their fighting against the Americans for them. Besides Gall's mill there was still another horse mill in Newport, but as a rule it was out of order. A third one was in a westerly direction from us. However, since its stones were not much larger than an Ohio cheese, it usually took the greater part of a day to grind a few bushels, on which account it was not much frequented.

"When the water mills lay idle because of lack of water, the few Germans who had settled on Second creek in Gasconade county came as far as Gall's mill. It took them three days to the round trip. If the time of the farmer had been as valuable then as it is now, such a loss of time, spent in procuring a sack of meal, would have been intollerable. Those countless rides to the mill constitute vivid but unpleasant memories for me."

RECORDS OF MISSOURI CONFEDERATE VETERANS

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, Missouri Division, have begun a statewide movement to collect the records of Missouri Confederate veterans. The work is under the direction of the Confederate Veterans Records Committee of the U. D. C. of Missouri. This committee was appointed by Mrs. S. C. Hunt, State President, of Columbia, and is composed of Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, Chairman, of Columbia; Mrs. D. D. Denham, of Kansas City; and Mrs. W. A. Vivian, of St. Louis.

According to Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, chairman, the work is being systematically inaugurated. To each of the forty-five chapter presidents of the U. D. C. of Missouri was sent this letter:

Columbia, Mo.,

January 26, 1922.

Dear Madam President and Members of your Chapter:

It is with some reluctance that I take up this work of trying to secure for the Mo. Div. the Records of all Confederate Soldiers in Mo. Just last year the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, Columbia, Mo., started this work in Boone Co., and I believe it is the only Chapter in the State that has ever done any such work.

The work will be through each Chapter President. Write me, as chairman, for blanks. There will be no cost, but please do not waste blanks. This work will not be confined to each Chapter, go into your town, county or counties and let's make Missouri 100 per cent on the Records of the men who fought in the war between the States. There will be a trophy awarded at next Convention to the Chapter sending in the largest number of Records.

Please get the records of all Confederate Soldiers alive or deceased. If deceased, secure as much information as possible from his relatives. The original copy is to be kept by the Chapter that secured it; use a second blank, type in answers and send to me, that your Chapter may get full recognition and I will then place record in the State Historical Society of Mo. for preservation.

Now, daughters, do you realize the importance of this work? It should have been done years ago. Many desirable women would become members of U. D. C. today if they could find the data they need. In a few years the Veterans will all have passed into the Great Beyond, and unless we do this work quickly we will not get the information that is so important to us and to our State.

Mr. Floyd Shoemaker, Secretary State Historical Society of Mo., is urging and co-operating with us in every way in pushing this needed work. Please read carefully and comply at once if possible to his requests.

Now, I wonder which Chapter will be first to order blanks. They are ready and at your disposal.

Very faithfully yours,

Ola Delany Hunt (Mrs. Bernard),
Chairman-Confederate Veteran
Record Com.
1327 Wilson Ave.
Columbia, Mo.

Accompanying the letter was a circular bearing further on the work:

SPECIAL DATA FURNISHED AND DESIRED ON

Missouri Confederate Veterans.

To aid in the collecting and preserving of the records of the Missouri Confederate Veterans, the State Historical Society of Missouri will have a special article on this work by Floyd C. Shoemaker, Secretary, in the April (1922) issue of the *Missouri Historical Review*. Since this magazine is the second largest of its kind in America, and reaches thousands of our leading citizens, including all editors, publicity will be given and public co-operation should result. If the chapters of the U. D. C. carry out their part in carefully covering their county and copies of their records are placed in The State Historical Society, that institution will collate in alphabetical order the entire state.

Further, we will copy from the records of the The State Historical Society of Missouri and will now furnish free on request, the 1902 muster roll of the U. C. V. camps in these towns:

Alton
Boonville
Butler
Carrollton
Carthage
Clinton
Columbia

Doniphan
Eldorado Springs
Exeter
Fayette
Fredericktown
Fulton
Gallatin

Greenfield
Greenville
Hannibal
Higginsville
Houston
Huntsville
Independence

Kansas City	Mexico	St. Joseph
Kearney	Miami	St. Louis
Keystone	Moberly	Salisbury
Jefferson City	Mooreville	Sedalia
Lebanon	Nevada	Springfield
Leas Summit	Paris	Warrensburg
Lexington	Pineville	Waverly
Marshall	Platte City	Waynesville
Maryville	Pleasant Hill	West Plains
Memphis	Richmond	Windsor

We desire for permanent preservation in The State Historical Society of Missouri muster rolls of U. C. V. camps which were established in these towns:

Bolton	Kennett	Plattsburg
Bowling Green	Lamar	Poplar Bluff
Buncetta	Marble Hill	Salem
Cabool	Morley	St. Louis (John S.
Cuba	New Madrid	Bowen Camp)
Dexter	Odesa	Sweet Springs
Eminence	Oak Grove	Taneyville
Farmington	Paris (Monroe Co.	Waddill
Jackson	Camp)	

Kindly note all towns listed. These had U. C. V. camps. Cover carefully all such towns in your county. The presidents of the U. C. V. chapters in each county should arrange to divide the county work where there were U. C. V. camps in towns now without U. D. C. chapters.

We desire for preservation the original muster rolls (or copies of same) of all U. C. V. camps, old Civil War letters, diaries and photographs. These will be carefully preserved in the fireproof building of the State Historical Society for use of the present and future generations. We are also especially desirous of obtaining the following proceedings, now lacking in our files: U. D. C. Missouri Division Proceedings, 1st and 2nd (1898-1899); U. C. V. Missouri Division Proceedings, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th (1898, 1899, 1900); 7th, 8th and 9th (1903, 1904, 1905); 11th (1907), and 14th (1910).

If any of these can be obtained send same to Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, Chairman, 1327 Wilson Avenue, Columbia, Missouri.

Finally the State Committee prepared a four-page Record blank on Confederate Veterans, living and dead, in which request was made for biographical, historical, military, genealogical, and related data, on the veterans. Thousands of copies of this blank have been printed and distributed. When the work is finished, the blanks will be bound by counties and deposited in The State Historical Society of Missouri.

The value of this work cannot be estimated. Missouri has scanty records of her Confederates. Even the approxi-

mate number of Missouri Confederates in service is not agreed upon by writers as is indicated by estimates varying from 30,000 to 50,000. The U. D. C. of Missouri is attempting to remedy this condition. With the co-operation of its own members and of those interested in preserving the records of our people, the work will succeed. And it deserves success. Its biographical and genealogical value alone is important. The State Historical Society of Missouri receives many requests for data of this kind which in cases is unobtainable. The Society is attempting to remedy this so far as possible by having an analytical index prepared of all biographical sketches appearing in county, city, and state histories. Thousands of names have been collated, but even when every book of this kind has been paged and carded the Society will have only a fraction of the data needed to complete Missouri's Confederate records. Even the adjutants general of Missouri have felt this embarrassment in their work regarding the validating of Confederate pensions. Certainly, now is the time to perform this service.

Those desiring Record blanks may obtain same without cost from Mrs. B. C. Hunt, of Columbia. The work is not confined to members of the U. D. C. of Missouri. It is not confined to the living veterans. All Missourians interested in this work should lend assistance in obtaining, filling out, and returning the Record blanks.

PIONEER LIFE IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI

BY WILEY BRITTON.

THIRD ARTICLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

COVERING THE FIRE.

There were few families in our section prior to the Civil War who used friction matches for starting a fire; but everybody used hard wood for fuel and in cooking, and the fire had to be kept from day to day. The family allowing it to die out or go out during the night, would, in many cases, be obliged to borrow fire from their neighbors the next morning. Our nearest neighbor was nearly a mile away, so the importance and necessity of keeping the fire every night was impressed upon the minds of members of the family. When it did go out, and there was no means at hand for starting a flame, it generally fell to the lot of the older children to go after it, a troublesome task that had the effect of a reminder to look after it in the future.

There was an art of covering the fire, so that it would not go out during the night, for if, in the preparation, the faggots were burned too little into coals and covered too lightly or too heavily with ashes, the fire might burn out or smother out. Most people had some means of producing fire when it was permitted to go out; we had a piece of steel and a flint and by striking the flint with the steel we could produce a spark, which was allowed to fall on a piece of punk, igniting it; but to get a flame from it was generally difficult and unsatisfactory. Some of our neighbors who had flint lock rifles and powder horns with powder in them, were able to get fire by putting a little powder in the pan of the lock and letting the hammer strike the flint and produce a spark which ignited the powder into a flash or flame.

This was a quicker and more satisfactory way of getting fire than by striking the flint with a piece of steel. Keeping the fire has been from pre-historic times, one of the most important features of domestic life among all races of mankind in their slow growth from lowest primitive conditions.

There doubtless have been many independent discoveries of the methods of producing fire among the different races, nearly all of which must have been by some process of friction between two bodies of rather rough surfaces impinging against each other. The discovery of the art of making fire was scarcely less important in the intellectual development of our race than language. We therefore find that all primitive races revered fire, so much so indeed that there were tribes of fire-worshippers and sun-worshippers in different parts of the world, the warmth and heat of the sun leading them to the belief that it was the source of fire.

In the temperate climates there must have been developed in the very early history of the use of fire, some idea of preserving it from day to day. When men lived in small groups and before the evolution of these groups into tribes and of the tribes into nations, in some instances we know that the group appointed some one member to keep the fire, often the sacred fire, perpetually burning so that all could have the use of it.

In some instances it became the custom so select the most beautiful girl of this primitive social aggregate to attend the fire and keep it perpetually burning on the altar, an honor usually esteemed the greatest that could be conferred.

It was from this custom that came the origin of the Vestal Virgins in early Greek and Roman communities, for Vesta the goddess of fire was a venerated Greek and Roman Divinity; a fire burning on a domestic hearth was regarded as her symbol, and each city had its public hearth or altar on which was a perpetual fire kept burning, attended by virgins who dedicated their lives to her service.

In the course of time when the members of a group occupied a continual widening area, making it more and more difficult for members to secure fire from the common

altar, families commenced keeping fire on their own hearths, which was by covering the living coals with ashes. This led in the times of the Feudal Ages, when outlawry was common and danger prevailed, to regulations in villages and communities, for covering the fire at a definite time by each family. It was also the custom of the Middle Ages and on down to later times in England and on the Continent, to ring a bell in the village or town at eight o'clock at night as a signal or warning to the inhabitants to lock their doors, cover the fire, put out the lights and retire to rest. Our word Curfew is from the French, Couer-feu, to cover the fire; but Curfew now generally means the ringing of a bell or the blowing of a steam whistle at nine o'clock at night as a signal and warning in cities and towns, for all children and minors to leave the streets by that hour, if unattended by a grown person, to repair to their homes.

But after the Civil War covering the fire passed out of use as a custom in our section, for the little cross-road store sprang up everywhere in the country and sold friction matches so cheaply that everybody could afford to keep them on hand for use in all emergencies. And the flint lock rifle and powder horn, which were so useful to the pioneers for making fire and hunting squirrels, wild turkeys and other wild game, have long since disappeared and are rarely seen except in curiosity shops and museums, having been supplanted by Winchester and other repeating rifles.

Many years after the invention and introduction of friction matches, we have now and then heard of a female member of a family, who, like the Vestal Virgins of ancient times, has, from childhood to old age, kept burning on the family hearth, the sacred fire, which had become to her an emblem of eternal life and purity.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAKING SOAP.

Every year in the early spring, the mother of every family, was busily engaged for several days in making soap for the coming year, for at that time families living in the country, did not purchase soap from the stores in town. The mistress of the home prepared for making soap to supply the family the coming year, a good part of the past year, particularly during the fall and winter, by saving up ashes from the hard wood fires which were put into a hopper so that the lye could be drained off from them and fall into a crock at the lower end of a trough, the lower end of which was left open.

The ash hopper was made of strong boards about four feet long, five or six inches wide and lapped over each other to cover the space between the lower ones. The upper ends rested against a frame work, say about four feet square, the four corners of which were fastened to posts firmly set in the ground.

On the sides the boards sloped downwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the perpendicular, the lower ends resting in the trough, which was six to eight inches wide that rested across two pieces of wood or two stones to hold it up eight to ten inches above the ground, and at the ends of the hopper the boards fell perpendicular, the lower ends being cut sloping to fit a frame V-shaped. When the hopper was made ready the ashes from the fire place were put into it until it was filled, which might require most of the autumn and winter; it was generally open at the top so that the rain and melted snow falling on the ashes sometimes furnished enough water to make a sufficient amount of lye.

In the economy of the home the ash hopper held an important place, cleanliness, which demanded the liberal use of soap, has always been regarded by intelligent people, as the surest means to health and happiness, the two great aims of life.

The next step in the preparedness for making soap, was by the mistress of the home saving up and placing in proper receptacles during the year, all the old stale grease, scraps of fat and scraps of bacon that had become unfit for use as food, and it was surprising what an amount of this material would accumulate during the year. When bright spring weather opened up in March or April, such weather as started the wild onions in the creek bottoms to growing, the mistress of the home brought from the smoke house her large iron kettle and building a fire under it in the back yard, placed in it the lye that had been drawn from the hopper, and the grease and scraps of stale bacon that had been saved, and the process of making soap was on.

It usually took several days to complete the task of making soap, for the contents of the kettle with a slow fire under it had to be stirred until the lye had entirely eaten up and dissolved the grease and scraps of bacon and fat, after which it had to be boiled down to the desired consistence of hardness and cooled.

When the ingredients and lye were boiled down to satisfactory thickness and hardness and cooled, the soap could then be cut into bars and laid away for use, although part of the quantity made up was usually soft soap to be used for laundry purposes. There was little waste in the home of the prudent and intelligent head of the family, who saw future use for little things that a shiftless and indifferent wife would have thought not worth saving, but who, in a short time might wish to borrow from a neighbor the very thing she had thrown away.

When we are reminded that many of those who have invested large sums in the productive industries, are usually satisfied to receive as their share of the profits, the value of the by-product, or that which was formerly considered the waste, we see how important in the economy of the home, was the saving instinct of our mothers. These economies of the home, were always indications of the thrift of the family, and they were so indissolubly connected, that where one was found, the other was confidently looked for. Thus

it was that our fathers and mothers lived the simple life like that which their fathers and mothers had lived back through the generations.

So far as it contributed to cleanliness, sanitary conditions, soap has been a preventive of disease, for in our section a family that was known as uncleanly in their persons and habitations, were almost invariably afflicted with sore eyes, or itch or some form of mange. Our mothers understood as well as sanitary authorities of later times, the importance of keeping the wearing apparel and bedding of the family cleanly, and when they did not have the conveniences of wood and water for doing the family washing under a shed or in the open near their homes, took it to the spring branch or nearby creek, in good weather, where it was done. In this respect this part of domestic life in our section, was very little removed from the time of Ulysses.

But the making soap by our mothers was like keeping aloft a torch bearing the words in flaming light, "Cleanliness," which later have flamed out as the corner stone of health and happiness, among the peoples of all civilized nations.

CHAPTER XV.

SLAVERY IN MISSOURI.

Among the early pioneers in our section there were few slave holders, but the number gradually increased up to the war, when there may have been as many as two or three hundred in our county, most of whom owned not more than two or three slaves. In some of the mountainous counties of Southern Missouri, probably not more than a dozen men were slave owners, the country being so rough and broken that it was adapted to only small farming and attracted as settlers men of only small means. Indeed it may be truly said that the greater part of the Ozark region was of such nature as not to attract a slave-owning class, and on up to the war it continued to be occupied mainly by small independent land owners and squatters who had no sympathy with the institution of slavery.

In the Missouri River counties of western Missouri, where it was possible to have hundreds of acres in an unbroken tract, there was not only a larger proportion of the population slave owners, but each of the owners on the average had a larger number of slaves than the slave holders of southern Missouri.

There was a bond of union or mutual interest between all slave holders as a class; but a man's social prestige and standing increased with the number of slaves he owned; if he owned one or two he might be addressed as Mister, but if he owned half a dozen or more, he was generally addressed as Colonel, particularly if he was getting along in years after middle life.

These men generally possessed such bearing and dignity as to win respect and rarely took advantage of their position so as to make men of humbler means feel uncomfortable in their presence. Still there was a kind of social gulf between them which both recognized, but which neither sought of passing without doing violence to the custom that prevailed.

On social occasions of the young people of the slave holder, only the young people of other slave holders were invited, excepted that young doctors and lawyers or military or naval officers might be invited on terms of equal social standing.

Even though a man owned a better farm and his family lived in a better house with more artistic surroundings than his neighbor who owned a single slave, his social standing in the community was not generally equal to that of the slave holder.

Among the early pioneers, however, it frequently happened that an energetic, thrifty non-slaveholding farmer had a better farm and raised more corn, wheat and oats, and had more horses, mules, cattle and hogs, than his less energetic and less thrifty slave-holding neighbor who was short on these products of the farm and was obliged to purchase such of them as he needed from his more provident neighbor, which tended to break down and wipe out any social distinction that existed between them, and their families

visited and exchanged courtesies and were of equal social standing in the community.

We were living on the periphery of a world-wide disturbance or agitation, some of whose recurring waves reached us with increasing frequency, due to rapidly increasing inventions and scientific investigations, which were revolutionizing the old order of things by introducing new methods and processes and machinery and thought in every department of life, all tending to sweep away slavery and the barriers that separated the classes from each other by class distinction. Even from my circumscribed vision as a boy, slavery always appeared to me as an enemy to general intelligence, progress and exchange of ideas between all classes, which I thought would lead to the discussion of broader views of life and benefit all equally. The effort of the proponents of slavery to prohibit or suppress discussion as to the merits of the institution on moral or economic grounds, was its real weakness.

Nearly all the preachers and politicians of that section, the real moulders of public opinion, were warm advocates of slavery, and would have prohibited adverse criticism of slavery if they could have had the power, so that most of those who disagreed with them kept their views to themselves, and there was no public discussion of the question until it came up in Congress in the early fifties in regard to the extension of slavery in the Territories which would soon be knocking for admission to the Union.

Every year, generally in the spring, negro buyers came thru our section buying negroes and mules to take South to sell to the planters. In settling up the estate of a deceased person who had been a slave holder, his slave property, when it had not been disposed of by will, was generally sold by the administrator to the highest bidder on the Court House Square at Neosho and other county seat towns, and at these public administrator sales the negro buyers were nearly always present and bid against each other or against any of the neighbors of decedent. But the negro buyers did not depend upon these administrator sales altogether for the number

of slaves they desired to buy up and take South, but bought a negro here and there through the country of men who wished to sell one or more for any reason, perhaps to liquidate a debt, or because the negro he would sell was intractable or considered dangerous.

At these public sales there were nearly always pathetic scenes. Strong, healthy women were almost as much in demand and considered as useful for working in the cotton and cane fields or plantations, as the men; but the children were not often sold. The negro women were less likely to be sold than the men.

This practice of buying up negroes in the Border Slave States of Kentucky and Missouri, and taking them off South to work in the cotton and cane plantations, was responsible for the many popular pathetic plantation songs that were heard everywhere, and came down to the war period, but were little heard of afterward.

It must be said to the credit and to the humanity of some of the slave holders of our section that they were too conscientious to sell off members of a slave family so as to cause a permanent separation in distant parts of the country.

There were some slave holders who freely admitted that slavery was morally wrong, but having them, could not see that giving them their freedom would improve their condition in a country where slavery existed and where there was so much prejudice against free negroes living in different counties.

Nearly all the people were members of the different church organizations and believed implicitly in their preacher's interpretation of the Scriptures. Preachers had wonderful influence with all classes of people, and as their utterances were never questioned, it is not surprising that many were so slow to view the moral aspect of slavery.

There was an unceasing conflict in the minds of many as to whether they should accept the Scriptural interpretation, as it was preached, sanctioning slavery, or whether they should accept the interpretation of their moral sense, which was opposed to the institution. It was a period of transition

with increasing friendly light thrown on the subject, a light that had an awakening effect, and men who had been conservative and indifferent, turned to radical exponents of righteousness and justice and became convinced that slavery was morally wrong and could be counted upon as friends of freedom.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PIONEER PHYSICIAN.

In every community from the dawn of history down to the present moment, the physician, the medicine man, the healer of diseases and injuries, has been an important personage and deserves mention in the part he has played, not only as a healer of diseases, but also in the department of what is now called preventive medicine, or adviser of his clients how to escape disease.

From the very beginning the function of the physician or medicine man, has been that of applying remedies for the curing of diseases of his patients, and of advising them how to escape disease, and the remedy applied for the cure was often not more absurd in our estimation than the preventive remedy that was advised.

In our section the physician, like the preacher, was not always an educated man who had mastered all the requirements of the medical schools of the present day; but was more frequently a man who read medicine in the office of an older physician for awhile and then commenced to practice; or he may have secured Dr. Gunn's "Family Doctor," and after persuing that book for a short time, commenced to practice. Perhaps a majority of the doctors who practiced medicine in that section were, in pioneer days, men who had no preliminary training for the profession, but gradually as they came in contact with physicians who had attended and graduated from some of the medical schools of good standing, they became conscious of their own defects, and the more progressive among them, would manage to go to St. Louis and attend a course of lectures in a medical school in that city for a month or so during the winter.

There was no means of traveling at that time from our section to St. Louis, two or three hundred miles distant, except by horseback, so that the number of men who attended the lectures of the medical schools was small. These men, however, who practiced without diplomas from medical schools, certifying to their qualifications for their work, by association with their better informed brothers of the profession, gradually came into possession of medical books giving the essentials of medical practice, and some of them by getting a medical dictionary, were able to use a few Latin phrases in prescriptions and in describing diseases to their patients, look wise and impress their patients that they possessed the mysterious power of curing disease.

Those physicians who were ambitious of being up to date in their profession, might take a medical journal or so that contained information, which, when combined with their own experience, put them abreast of the best practitioners who had diplomas from medical colleges. Even the Indians, the Cherokees and Senecas, who lived in the Indian Territory west of us and with whom our people had considerable dealings, had their doctors who used herbs that grew in their country, and which they were familiar with in the treatment of diseases, and they had the reputation of being as successful with their patients as our doctors were with theirs.

In a good many of the ailments that were prevalent in our section, our physicians used quite a list of Indian remedies in the treatment of their patients, and these Indian remedies obtained such a reputation for their curative properties in certain diseases, that they were used long after the pioneer physician passed away. It is probable that many of the herbs from which the Indian remedies were made, contained curative properties which, under more refined methods of treatment, have been found by experiment in modern laboratories, to be still valuable in the treatment of diseases.

We now regard nearly all diseases with which the physicians of ante-bellum times had to deal, from a different standpoint from that from which they were in the habit of looking at them; for instance we now consider most of the diseases

which afflict us, to be of a parasitic nature; that is, as due to microscopic animal organisms known as protozoa, or to microscopic vegetable organisms called bacterium.

Our ante-bellum physician knew he could cure chills and fever, ague or malaria, which were one and the same thing, by giving the patient quinine, or that he could cure the patient of itch by the use of sulphur or mercurial ointment; but he did not know that the quinine was given to kill the animal parasite, plasmodium malaria with which he had been inoculated by mosquito bites made by mosquitoes from a nearby swamp or pond or other breeding place of the pest; or that the sulphur or mercurial ointment was given or applied to kill a microscopic parasite that had from unsanitary conditions of the patient, found lodgement in his epidermis or skin, causing the irritation known as itch.

Our physicians knew that certain diseases were "catching" or contagious, and that after a patient had passed through an attack from some of these diseases he was generally immune from further attack from it; but he did not fully realize that all contagious diseases are parasitic diseases; and that the only way to successfully deal with nearly all of them is by the use of antitoxins, serums and preventive measures, as intelligent use of hygienic measures.

In ante-bellum times we did not have as now, county, city, or district medical associations at whose annual meetings the president of the association in his address gave a summary of all the most important investigations and discoveries in medical science during the year that had come under his observation from his studies of medical literature, of world-wide interest to the profession, and at which members read papers on peculiar features of cases that had come under their notice, and their method of treatment; and at which there were symposiums or friendly discussions in which all the members joined, giving their views on some important question that had been raised relating to the profession, all tending to broaden the views of each, to the benefit of his client-age.

In those early days bleeding was resorted to in many cases by the physicians not only of our section, but by the physicians all over the country, for it was prescribed in the text-books and recommended by the professors in their lectures in the medical schools, a feature of medical practice that has been mostly abandoned since the war, except in a few cases it is still sometimes used to relieve vertigo, flushing, headache and of oppressed breathing by application of leeches to the arms, feet or legs. In the examination of nearly a thousand physicians, as the representative of the Government in the pension service, on every conceivable phase of anatomy, physiology and medical practice, I was brought into close relations with this large number of physicians of Western and Southwest Missouri, many of whom were practitioners before the war, and heard from them not only what they said in the matter taken down in their depositions in particular cases, but in friendly conversation that preceded or followed each examination, heard their views on a wide range of subjects relating to medical practice, from their ideals of the profession, down to descriptions of bedside clinics of their patients.

These examinations not only included the physicians who had treated the soldier for his alleged disabilities since the war, or in his last illness, but they also embraced in many cases one or more members of the Board of Physicians appointed by the Government to make examinations of claimants in their districts as to how far the alleged disabilities found disqualified them from manual labor; whether they had any other disabilities than those claimed for, with description and degree of same. The Board of Physicians and I were each furnished with a chart of a man, back and front view, so that when the examination of a claimant was made, the exact location of the wound, injury or pain could be noted on it, and when complete, was returned to the department with a report.

When the members of the Board of Physicians assumed the responsibilities of this work, they were supposed to have at hand a sufficient number of modern instruments of precision

to make intelligent examinations and tests, as the stethoscope to determine the heart's action and condition of the lungs, which might also be determined by auscultation and percussion, and a process to determine the specific gravity of the urine, whether it contained albumen, and the nature of the sediment found.

There were some bright physicians met with in the work, physicians who had not only received careful training in the medical colleges from which they had graduated, but who had kept up their studies after entering upon the practice of their profession, in many instances keeping "case books" in which they made copious notes at bedside clinics of important cases they had treated, or autopsies of post-mortem examinations they had made. In every case where the soldier's death was alleged by his widow, or other legal representative prosecuting the claim, was due to his military service, the department required the sworn testimony of the family physician setting forth fully the immediate and remote cause of death.

We can give only one illustrative case in which it was alleged that the soldier's death was caused by cancer of the stomach, and in the examination of Dr. Hopkins of Bolivar, who treated him during his last illness, the doctor testified that he made a post-mortem examination of his body and found a cancerous growth like a great crab with numerous tentacles had the stomach within its grasp, and was without doubt the immediate cause of death. No professor at a hospital clinic could have given a more vivid description of cancer of the stomach, or a better clinical history of the case than was given by Dr. Hopkins in his testimony in this case.

We know that the ante-bellum physicians, even those who had graduated from medical colleges, were not equipped with instruments of precision and convenience for dealing with cases in surgery and labor, like the medical practitioner of the present day, for such instruments had not been developed and put into service, even in the leading university medical schools.

Medical science could make no important progress, agronomy could make but little progress, until the microscope was perfected so that we could examine with our eyes the almost infinitely small forms of life, nearly all single-cell forms of animal or vegetable life, and determine their relationships to ourselves, our domestic animals and to soils we cultivate to furnish our subsistence. We study these minute forms of life micro-organisms as they are called, under the names of bacteriology, the vegetable form, and protozoology, the animal form, and we are amazed at the deadly effects of their invasions of the human host when that host has no resisting power to oppose them, except its own cells which always put up as good a fight as possible.

Our physicians of ante-bellum times knew little about preventive medicine and immunity; they knew that a patient having had measles, scarlet fever or small-pox was thereafter immune from the disease; but they thought very little about preventive medicine in the larger sense prescribed by hygienic laws and sanitary regulations; that to prevent malaria or ague, swamps and ponds near human habitations must be drained and the breeding places of the common mosquito destroyed or made untenable for it, and to prevent yellow fever, the breeding places of the mosquito, *stegomyia fasciata*, must be destroyed, so that the pest can not multiply.

In curative medicine it seems that few specifics have been found, the most prominent of which are that in malaria or ague, quinine kills the parasite, plasmodium malaria, and that in syphilis salvarsan kills the parasite, pirochete, which is so small that it is considered by some investigators as ultra microscopic and its existence determined only by filtration.

Curative medicine in ante-bellum times and even up to recent times, was somewhat like the forecasts of the weather by advertising almanacs of the proprietary medicine venders—that is, if the prognosticator's forecasts of the weather for the coming year did not come true on the average as often as they failed, he might be considered a scientific misser, and by inversion give us valuable information; so of the physicians of that time, if the remedies they prescribed for

particular diseases did not have the predicted effects as often as they failed, the physicians might be considered scientific misers, which leads us to conclude that medical practice was then largely a matter of guess, hit or miss, and rested on no scientific foundation.

And we are strengthened in this conclusion when we take into account the claims of the Indian doctors, quacks, uneducated and unlicensed doctors or doctors who had no certified qualifications from competent sources, that they were as successful in the treatment of their patients as the regular practitioners.

There was good reason why this should be so, for nearly all the diseases which physicians were called in to treat were parasitic diseases, and the medicine which a quack would prescribe, which was generally of a harmless nature, was as efficient in effecting a cure of the patient as the medicine prescribed by the educated physician, except when he prescribed quinine for ague or malaria, or sulphur or mercurial ointment for itch. The educated physician of course had an advantage over the quack or uneducated man in prescribing pallatives for his patients, and perhaps knowledge of the good effects of careful nursing, and that was about all that was essential in parasitic diseases, particularly measles, scarlet fever and typhoid fever, and the nursing feature our grandmothers knew the importance of almost as well as the physician.

But the ills of mankind are very numerous, and when one becomes sick from overloading his stomach with indigestible food, breaks his leg, or suffers pain from different causes beyond his power to remedy, his first thought is to call a physician to give him relief, and it was these traumatic troubles and violations of hygienic laws of the people that gave the physician ample opportunity of displaying his best skill in cases of surgery and other ailments that could be successfully treated in accordance with the medical knowledge of the time.

When one is in distress or imagines that he has some obscure trouble with his heart, lungs, liver or kidneys, he is

likely to appeal to any one who will promise relief, and it is here that the patent and proprietary medicine venders reap a rich harvest from the credulous, for symptoms, that their remedies will cure, they are able to reach many who pick out the trouble with which they suffer and send for the remedy that promises relief. Doubtless some of the patent and proprietary medicines that were extensively advertised had beneficial effects, perhaps in many instances psychological effects, upon some of those who were induced to take them, but that the good effects produced were exaggerated out of all proportion to the actual facts is a safe conclusion, even if we admit a grain of truth in the many testimonials as to their merits, some of which purported to be from physicians.

In many instances physicians prescribed these medicines for particular troubles of their patients, and probably carried patent medicine preparations in their pill bags, which they could have safely done, when they knew the principal ingredients of the formula of a given preparation. We did not then have the Pure Food and Drugs Act, which has been a later development of our social life, and no doubt has done a great deal towards correcting the patent medicine evil, for under that Act the venders are required to put a label on each bottle of medicine offered for sale, with a printed formula of the contents, so that the purchaser may know just what he is taking.

Our physicians of ante-bellum times were deficient in diagnostic information, information derived from examination of the symptoms of the patient, which would enable them to determine with certainty the disease they were called upon to treat; but this information has been possible only with the advance of medical science and some of the ancillary sciences.

It was a frequent expression when a physician was called in to treat a patient that after he had made his examination by feeling the pulse, thumping, auscultating, coating of the tongue, appearance of the eyes, tenderness on pressure from parts, and decided what the trouble was, that he did not know any more about the case than the layman, an assertion that

was often too true, for the reason that the physical signs and symptoms of several diseases at certain stages are so nearly alike that they could not be differentiated with the tests then in use.

But now for example, if a patient is in the first stages of certain parasitic diseases, as meningitis, rabies, poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, or typhoid fever, a lumbar puncture may be made or cerebro-spinal fluid withdrawn and examined under the microscope to determine whether the patient's blood contains the parasite that causes so much suffering to human kind, and the diagnostic information obtained is certain and positive. If any one is now bitten by a dog suspected of being affected with rabies, he is or should be at once taken to a hospital where there is a physician or bacteriologist who has been trained in making microscopic examinations of the blood and fluids of the body, to determine by blood tests whether the suspected parasite is present, and if present to immediately commence the Pasteur treatment of the patient, instead of sending him to some one who has a madstone to be applied to the wound, as our antebellum physicians were in the habit of doing, and as was done up to recent times. Nearly everybody had faith in the madstone, and it was believed that if a person who had been bitten by a mad dog and taken at once to the madstone and it stuck to the wound that it would draw out the poison and the patient would not go mad.

Everybody had great respect for the family physician, for he was its adviser in all matters relating to health and disease, and his faithfulness to the calls of his patients when in distress is one of the brightest features of medical practice as viewed by an outsider who had some knowledge of the hardships imposed upon those engaged in the practice of the profession in towns and in the country. No weather was too stormy, too cold or too hot, and no night too dark and forbidding to keep the doctor at home when called upon to visit a patient who lived one mile or twenty miles away, and that required him to get up and saddle his horse, mount

it with his pill bags and ride an hour or all night to reach the home and bedside of that patient.

To take it all in all there was no harder work than that entailed upon the pioneer physician, for there was no season when he could claim rest from the rounds of his practice, which included cases of trifling importance to cases of life and death importance. In the course of my work I have met country physicians and small town physicians, riding in all kinds of weather and at all hours of the night or day, to visit patients or returning from their visits to them, and I have been deeply impressed with the ethics of their profession which keeps them so faithfully in its service.

There is one feature in the practice of the ante-bellum physician that has radically changed, and that is in obstetrics, a change in which the physician has almost entirely taken the place of the midwife in all labor cases, not only in the towns, but also in the country. In the country before the war, we rarely heard of a physician attending in a confinement case, except where there was some complication in it, whereas since the war we rarely hear of a midwife attending except in the capacity of nurse. Every neighborhood had its "Granny" as the midwife was called, and in nearly every case she was sent for several days prior to the expected event so as to act in an advisory way to her client.

In our home father had been brought up under the old regime of "spare the rod and spoil the child," and of enforcing control by the sternest measures of coercion and punishment without any regard to the feelings of his children, and yet in dealing with the world at large he had the greatest respect for the equal rights of all other men, not even excepting negroes, and would not claim for himself any right or privilege that he would deny to others.

But we thought that he never took the trouble to investigate whether any part of our conduct that displeased him was wilful, accidental or due to inattention, and as we had our conception of justice and fair treatment in these things, we resented his punishment with strap, switches or open hand.

We would talk it over and we could not call to mind a single punishment of this kind that we considered deserving; they were all inflicted as we thought on account of inadvertence, accident, inattention, or want of judgment on our part as to what should have been done or the way of doing it.

If he was of high strung temperament, we were, too, and if he was determined to conquer us to submit to injustice imposed by his impulsive nature, we were equally as determined not to submit; at any rate, one was so determined. There was not likely a single instance of wilful disobedience or flat refusal of one of the children to obey the injunctions of either of our parents; but in the course of childish activities of playing or fighting with each other, we no doubt indulged in many acts of commission or omission, which, being brought to the attention of our parents, were very trying to their patience, and if they sometimes acted too hasty, they should not be criticised too harshly, for it is well nigh impossible for even the best intentioned parents, under all circumstances, to keep a judicial state of mind in dealing with their children. We had often heard our father and mother speak of their parents owning slaves in Kentucky, and of the slaves and white children alike being flogged or beaten when they deserved it, so that punishment of that kind, whether slaves or white children were the victims, was the fashion of the times.

But such punishment was galling to me as a child and I resented it, and resolved when twelve years of age to leave home with a brother, three years my senior, and go to the Indian Territory among the Cherokees and shift for ourselves.

As usual the punishment was brought on us by an act of commission or omission, something that we could not help, in regard to the feeding or disposition of our stock, that displeased father, and that night—it was Saturday night—we talked the matter over and resolved that when we took the cattle to the pasture the next morning, Sunday morning, we would start for the Cherokee Nation, as

we called it, and as it would be Sunday, we would not likely be missed at home before night.

When we had completed the task of driving the cattle to the pasture, we started out afoot, and after crossing the river, we soon struck the road to the Nation, going around all the houses where we would likely be seen and known, for a distance of eight to ten miles on the road, and that evening when within a mile of the Territory of Big Lost Creek, the autumn setting right in our faces, we met a Mr. Biggs, a Baptist preacher, who knew us and father well, and stopping to talk to us, asked us where we were going. We told him where we were going, and the whole story of our leaving home, and the tears welled up in his eyes and he commenced pleading with us to return home, assuring us that father would not punish us further. We had walked twenty miles that day; but Mr. Biggs pictured the distress of mother and the other children, which appealed to our sympathetic natures, and we faced about homeward bound, and made about four miles when darkness came upon us, stopping that night with a Mr. Sparlin who had a mill that was operated by the power of an overshot wheel, the first I had ever seen. We left Mr. Sparlin's early in the morning and when we arrived at home in the afternoon mother had commenced to worry about us, since we did not return Sunday evening; but when father came in he did not even scold us; he seemed about as much ashamed of the affair as we were, and for some time afterward was not so ready to fly into a passion and threaten to punish us for something we had done or neglected to do that displeased him.

After our return, when irritated, he frequently taunted us for coming back, which made it quite humiliating; but I continued to resent harsh treatment and punishment, and determined the next time he attempted to punish me for any of my alleged sins of commission or omission to leave home and do the best in my power to take care of myself; that I could not see any reason why I might not be useful to some one who needed a boy.

From my standpoint I had been working hard and was not getting much schooling, not as much as a boy of my age should have, and I felt and talked of it to members of our family, that it was only a question of time when I would be obliged to leave home again; that I could not stand father's treatment; besides I wanted to know more about all that was going on in the world.

Finally the time came on the 18th of February, 1858, about sundown after a hard day's work in hauling corn and fodder to feed our stock, when father, who had that day returned from Baxter Springs, called to me in tones which I knew meant impending punishment to come to him. In a pen separating the sheep from hogs, which we were also keeping up, a sow by some means or other had destroyed a lamb, which caused father to become furious and threatening, but for which I told him plainly that no blame could attach to me, and that I would not stand for punishment. This challenge of his authority he had never heard before and at once started after me, and I ran away; but as he had to get over a fence and lost some time, which increased the distance between us, and as he was unable to gain on me and commenced losing his wind, I soon disappeared in the darkness, and he was obliged to give up the pursuit.

After crossing Shoal River just below the mill dam on foot benches, I continued my flight over dim roads through dark and lonesome woods, going around a house now and then to enter the road beyond it, until some time after midnight, as I estimated the time by the stars, and then crawled into a haystack or strawstack, by the roadside and slept until morning, for it was a cold frosty night and I was thinly clad in brown jeans pants and frock coat of the same material. Walking briskly along the frozen road that frosty night, I thought of nearly everything that a boy of my age and circumstances could think of, as wolves, panthers, wild cats, which were always hungry at that season of the year, and did not hesitate to attack men or animals after night, so I carried a stick in my hand to defend myself against any possible attack from these enemies or ferocious dogs.

At times I became homesick, thinking of mother and the other children, from whom I must be separated, no telling how long; but I braced myself up with the grim determination not to return and take the punishment that awaited me; and then I was not prepared to bear the bitter humiliation of sneaking back home like a whipped cur. The debacle had come so sudden that I had no definite views in my mind what I should do, and I had not walked many miles when I commenced thinking about where I should go. That question had not been debated in my mind before for leaving at that season of the year; yet I had told members of our family that if father attempted to punish me again for nothing, that I would leave home and go to Kansas for I had often expressed a wish to be with the Free State men in that Territory. We talked a good deal about Kansas for several years in regard to the war between the Free State and Pro-Slavery parties, and on leaving home that night I had in mind that Territory as my ultimate destination; but I knew from friends who had been there that it was a prairie country and thinly settled and no place for a homeless boy in the winter.

With perplexing thoughts as to the future and what it held for me, I flew along over the frozen roads through the forests that frosty night, chilled to the bones almost, and finally decided to go as direct as practicable to Springfield and endeavor to secure employment there until spring and then go to Kansas.

It took me nearly four days to walk to that place, a distance of seventy-five miles, and those four days were full of hardships and trials, which I was poorly prepared to face, and were a severe test of my powers of endurance. At daylight on Saturday morning I crawled out of the strawstack where I had slept and rested, to greet the bright rays of the sun that fell upon the white frost-covered objects along the road, and arrived at Sarcoxie that evening at sunset, tired and hungry, for I had nothing to eat since noon the day I left home. Mr. Crabtree, a blacksmith, kept me that night, and during the night the weather changed, and when I started out Sunday morning a heavy snow had commenced

falling, driven by a strong north wind, so that I was lost nearly all day in a blinding snow-storm between Sarcoxie and Bower's Mills on Spring River, and did not make more than eight to ten miles.

All day the snow fell so thick that it was blinding facing it, and with the strong north wind that prevailed, I could not determine direction, so that by noon the snow had fallen to such depth that I could not make out a plain road from a dim one, particularly in passing over the broad prairie where there were numerous snow drifts. At that time Bower's Mills had a store, a blacksmith shop, and perhaps half a dozen residences, and when I called at a home that evening for lodging I know that I was a forlorn looking boy, friendless and homeless, a picture of despair. That good man and his wife, their names are forgotten, took me in and kindly treated me in words and acts, and gave me a good pair of socks to better protect my feet which had been exposed all day in the snow on account of my low shoes and some holes in them. My kind hosts had a good warm supper and generously helped me to everything on the table, pork and sausage, bread and milk, and during the meal and that evening we talked over the situation that had brought me to their home, which elicited from them no blame, but a marked degree of sympathy. That Sunday evening and during the night the weather had changed to bitter cold, so that on resuming my journey the next morning, Spring River, a mile or so above the mill, was frozen over and I was obliged to break the ice with a heavy stick near the ford on the ripples and wade the river to continue on my way. It was clear and cold that morning and continued so all day; wading the river, the water coming above my knees, chilled me to the marrow, for my pants froze as soon as I passed out of the water and rubbed my quivering flesh a good part of the day; the snow was nearly a foot deep and unbroken in the road until late in the afternoon on nearing Mt. Vernon, so that my shoes afforded my feet very little protection, and were wet all day, but I did not get very cold, for the effect of walking in the snow kept me warm.

The mental anguish and physical suffering in my thinly clad condition during the three days I had been away from home were about all that I could stand; but they proved that under certain conditions we can stand more than we would have believed possible, when viewed from the standpoint of ease and comfort. As I had no money to pay for meals and lodging of nights, I chopped fire wood to pay for them to those with whom I stopped, except at Bower's Mills where the man and his wife were sympathetic and would not charge me anything; nor did they advise me to return home, the man telling me that he had left home when a boy under similar circumstances.

On arriving at Mt. Vernon I stopped all night with a preacher, who, after a long prayer, before retiring, put me on a pallet on the floor to sleep, with so little bed clothing under me and such scant covering that I almost froze, and the next morning required me to chop wood up to ten o'clock for meals and lodging.

The next two days the weather moderated and the snow commenced melting and going off, leaving the roads in a condition of mud and slush; but I trudged on through this and arrived in Springfield in the afternoon, and before night found a man, a Mr. Harrington, who was willing to take me and give me employment in hauling with a team around town. He had two boys of his own about my age; but that he could use me in driving his team in hauling wood to town and selling it from a tract of land he owned in the southern part of the county; but there was not much of this work to do. Mr. Harrington also sometimes engaged in freighting between Springfield and Linn Creek, on the Osage River, the nearest steamboat landing, and I accompanied him on one trip for a load of freight, and there for the first time I saw a steamboat that had just arrived from St. Louis. This was about the middle of March, and the Osage was nearly bank full, the largest body of water I had ever seen, and to watch the steamboat moving on it as smoothly as a duck swimming on a pond, was a grand sight and deeply impressed me of

the power and magnificence that existed beyond the limited horizon where I had lived until leaving home.

We passed, going to and returning from Linn Creek, near the famous Hahatonka Springs, one of the largest springs in the state in a region of the most rugged scenery I had ever beheld, for the streams descending from the summit of the Ozark Mountains have eroded deep narrow gorges in the lower stretches of their courses. It was about eighty miles from Springfield to Linn Creek, and we must have been two weeks on the trip, having been delayed by heavy rains, high waters, and rough, washed out roads along the breaks and small streams emptying into the Niangua River, near which most of our route was confined.

In a few days after returning to Springfield, I left Mr. Harrington, for his boys were quarrelsome and overbearing; and I was obliged to fight them one Sunday when we were at a pond near town with several other boys, and in the fight I had to use a stick as large around as my thumb in knocking a knife out of one who was coming at me with it threateningly, besides giving him a rap over his head and ears with the stick, causing him to turn away howling. After this affair I knew it would be impossible to live further in the Harrington home with self-respect, and on invitation of the McQuirter boys who had witnessed the trouble, went home with them, and their father, who had a farm near town and a mail contract, employed me to carry a horse back mail from Springfield to Waynesville, ninety miles east, and intermediate points, the round trip being made in six days.

These trips were continued for about a month and made me familiar with the streams and country of the Gasconade region, which carried the waters off down the eastern and northeastern slope of the Ozark Mountains; but as the country was thinly settled and the roads and bridle paths so poorly worked, it was sometimes difficult for me to find a postoffice on the route, frequently taking me late into the night to reach my scheduled destination.

Mr. McQuirter had quite a family, mostly boys, and could afford to pay me only eight dollars a month, and as I

was naturally looking out for something better where my services would be more remunerative, I found that Mr. June Campbell, who lived six miles west of Springfield, a well-to-do farmer and slave owner, would pay me fifteen dollars a month to work on his farm and help take care of his stock. He and his brother, W. T. Campbell, who lived five miles south of town, also one of the well-to-do men of the county, had for several years been engaged in buying up cattle in that section and driving their herds to Independence for market every spring, and were, when I came to them, assembling this stock, mostly steers, on James River, to drive north. In a week or so I was transferred from the Campbell farm west of town to the Campbell farm south of town, and worked there several weeks breaking ground and planting corn while the stock were being assembled, and it was there while working in the field with hired help and slave labor, that I was deeply impressed with some of the evils of slavery.

In a short time Mr. Campbell asked me how I would like to ride a horse and help him drive his cattle, which had been assembled, to Kansas City, and I replied that nothing could suit me better.

We must before leaving Springfield, pause a moment to set down a word as to its position and importance in the Ozark region of Southern and Southwest Missouri, for it had been for nearly twenty years the metropolis of all sections, although containing a population of probably less than twelve hundred.

It was here that the United States Land Office was located, which brought citizens from all parts of the district to enter their land and file on their claims; it was here that the first bank in that section was opened, and the first newspaper established, and it was here that eminent lawyers came to practice their profession, making it a center of legal talent and influence, which furnished the Representative in Congress for many years in the person of Honorable John S. Phelps.

The town was beautifully located on the summit of the Ozark uplift, and so near the point of radiation of the waters

in different directions, that the remark was sometimes made that there was a street on which, if a drop of water should be split on a level, one part of it would run north into the Osage and Missouri Rivers, and the other south into the White and Arkansas Rivers. There was no community in the west made up of a more sturdy and honest class of people than those in and around the town, and the three months it was the scene of my activities, encouraged me to go forward in the battle of life with a determination of playing an honorable part in the world.

We started with the herd or drove of about three hundred head of cattle from the James River south of Springfield about the middle of May, when the wild grass was high enough for good grazing, and arrived at our destination some fifteen miles southeast of Kansas City, in less than two weeks. We passed through Bolivar, Osceola and Harrisonville, and over long stretches of prairie between the different streams, and camped out of nights, Mr. Campbell having brought along a two-horse wagon to haul the necessary food and cooking utensils, and also tried to have it so arranged that the stock could be put into inclosures of nights to prevent any from straggling from the herd.

This was the year of the Mormon War, and there was a good demand for oxen for transport animals at Kansas City, and Independence for hauling freight to Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie, for the army operating in Utah, and Mr. Campbell sold his cattle to good advantage. On returning to our camp from Independence after selling his herd and paying us off, he told me that I had made myself so useful in the drive, that he would like to have me return with him to Springfield, offering me employment; but I courteously declined, for it had been my dream for several years to be among the Free State men of Kansas, of whom I had read and heard so much, and now that I was so near them I could hardly think of allowing anything to stand in the way of realizing that dream.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WESTPORT ENVIRONMENT.

On leaving Mr. Campbell's employ, I felt thankful that I had fallen in with people who had treated me with so much kindness, always as one of their own family. But now I was without employment and realized that I could not afford to be idle many days without drawing on the small sum I had saved. So I took my little bundle of clothes and started to walk to Kansas City, where I intended to take a steamboat to Leavenworth, Kansas, then the largest town in the Territory. On arriving at Kansas City, I was informed that a boat was not expected up until some time the next day, so I crossed the Kaw River near the mouth on a flatboat ferry to Wyandotte, and, after looking around a short time, walked on to Quindaro on the Missouri River and waited for a boat.

In the afternoon the steamer Kate Howard, with a band of music on board, arrived, and I took passage on her to Leavenworth where she arrived after midnight, too late to look around; but I had the satisfaction of having been a passenger on a steamboat, the first time in my life. It was certainly a grand sight to see this fine steamer, a floating palace, moving on the great river without apparent effort, and with the fine music of the band, among the first I had ever heard, made the whole scene one of surpassing interest.

The next morning I was up early and among the first guests of the hotel to breakfast, and after paying my bill, I realized that at the same rate per day it would not take long to exhaust my resources, and started out at once to look for employment.

After nearly three hours consumed in making inquiries among business men, not one of whom showed any interest or gave me any encouragement, I became convinced that Kansas was no place for a boy out of employment; that there were few men in Leavenworth, or in the country, financially able to hire help; that the people were emigrants from the North with quite limited means, who had come to the Terri-

tory to make it their homes, and had made no arrangements for hiring help outside of their families, to conduct their business, facts of which I had not been advised, but must learn at first hand.

This was the situation, and my dreams of making my home with the people of my own political faith began to vanish with keen disappointment, and a decision must be made at once as to my immediate future course, and it was made to return to Kansas City and try for employment there and through the country, which I had already noticed was dotted over with nice one and two-story white frame houses, indicating farmers in easy circumstances.

At nearly every house where I called I was treated with courtesy, but not needed; but was informed that a farmer away over there a mile or so off, needed help in replanting or hoeing corn, and as if led by a Fata Morgana, I trudged on and on and crossed the Big Blue River some time after dark, and finally, after ten o'clock, in the midst of a thunder storm, called at a farm house, awakening the people to whom I had been sent, and asked for shelter and lodging. This farmer had young corn that needed replanting and hoeing, but he thought that he and his family could attend to it, and the next morning before leaving, pointed out a farmer a mile or so west, the direction from which I had come, who might be able to use me.

It was a season when the farmers were busy tending their crops, and I lost no time in calling at the place suggested by my host, and he had about the same story that had greeted me at other places; but referred me to a well-to-do farmer on the road a couple miles south of Westport, Mr. John B. Wornald, who, he thought, could give me employment. This place was on the road I had passed the evening before without making any inquiries for work, but as the promise of success seemed likely, I walked on lively and called on Mr. Wornald and after stating my case and of coming with Mr. Campbell from Springfield with his herd of cattle, was taken in at fifteen dollars a month. He was a good man; a true gentleman and regarded by everybody in that section

as one of its best and leading citizens, and a boy from home in my condition could not have fallen in with a better man and surrounded with better influences than I found while living in his home, treated as one of his family. He had come from Kentucky several years before I came to him; had known some of my father's and mother's people there; knew that they owned slaves and had good social standing; were considered honest people, and wrote a kind letter to my father stating how I was getting along. He owned a beautiful farm of upwards of two hundred acres, well stocked with horses and mules and thoroughbred jacks and stallions and several slaves brought out from Kentucky, and was kind hearted and treated me with as much consideration as a boy of my age could expect. He had probably one hundred acres of blue grass pasture, a kind of pasture most of the farmers of Jackson county had, but which were unknown in Southern Missouri at that time.

When I came to him Mr. Wornald was living in a comfortable frame house, but soon afterward determined to build a two-story brick mansion, which would be the most pretentious of anything in that section; but I continued to work on his farm, ploughing corn and helping in his harvest until he commenced assembling material for his proposed mansion, and then I was assigned to hauling sand from a sandbank on the Missouri River below Main Street, Kansas City, with a four-mule team, a distance of seven miles, while other hands were employed in hauling brick from a kiln and other material near by.

When the material was assembled I helped to carry the brick and mortar to put up the building, a good, substantial structure that stood the storms of war and time for more than half a century, and until it has come within the boundary limits of the great city, which was then in its infancy.

At that time I had no thought that in a few years on that farm and around that home, there would be such exciting scenes as took place on October 22, 1864, during the battle of Westport, when the thundering roar of the cannon and the charging squadrons of cavalry shook the earth,

while men fell like wheat before the reaper, making the place a perfect inferno. When, as a representative of the Government, investigating claims growing out of the war in that county in the fall of 1885, Mr. Wornald heard of me as the boy who had lived with him in the spring and summer of 1858, and invited me to visit him in his home where I had lived and worked as a boy. We met by appointment at the Old Harris House in Westport, on the top of which Colonel R. H. Hunt and other Staff Officers of General Curtis, observed the progress of the battle along Bush Creek and on the prairie and in the fields beyond, and after mutual salutations, drove me out behind an elegant team of horses to his home, which my hands had carried a part of the brick and mortar to build. That night we talked over before the fire in the grate, the great events, the great changes that had taken place in every part of the country, since I had lived in his home as a boy, and he told of the maneuvering of large bodies of troops and of charging columns on his and neighboring farms during the progress of the battle, and how his house had been made a hospital for the wounded of both sides as they were brought in from the field.

Mr. Wornald, like my father, was a consistent Baptist and always on sitting down to the table to the meals, returned thanks, and sometimes on Sundays, had with him for dinner, prominent workers and ministers of the denomination, who came over from the Shawnee Mission a mile or so west of him on the Kansas side of the boundary line. The Rev. Mr. Johnson who had for some time been the resident minister at the Mission and who was Mr. Wornald's father-in-law by his second marriage, came over some times and dined with him. Their discussions and conversations were of a religious character, and I never heard them mention Territorial affairs.

For a diversion I sometimes went to Westport on Sundays to watch the Indians who came there from the Territory to amuse the people by their skill in archery, for instance in hitting with an arrow a dime at a distance of forty to fifty paces, the coin to go to the successful marksman. This place had been a trading point with the Indians of the

Territory from the first settling of the country, and several of its citizens had made handsome fortunes and lived in palatial residences for that day. It was almost as much of a headquarters for the fur traders and trappers west to the Rocky Mountain region, as Independence, and every year large numbers of buffalo robes, wolf skins, bear skins, and the peltries of different kinds of animals were brought there and prepared for shipment to St. Louis and the east. It was here that the traders and trappers disposed of their peltries to the merchants who sold them supplies suitable for other trading posts in the far west, for at these the traders in their dealings with the Indians purchased most of the furs and skins and buffalo robes they brought east.

In my Sunday visits to Westport I sometimes heard from some of the older men living there in retirement, who had passed much of their lives on the plains, as we called all that region west of Missouri, wonderful stories of adventures with Indians, and wild animals, of desperate conflicts with Indians, bears, wolves and mountain lions, with many narrow escapes from death, that sent through me a thrill of exciting interest.

But now the supplies for these western trading posts were shifted from Westport to Kansas City, where steamboats for points on the Missouri River arrived and departed nearly every day, and where the traders disposed of their peltries, and nearly every day during the spring and summer, the road from Kansas City and Westport to some distance beyond Mr. Wornald's was crowded with four and six Mexican mule teams, going in with buffalo robes and peltries, and coming out loaded with freight for Santa Fe and trading posts along the Santa Fe Trail. These Mexican mule teams, driven by Mexicans, made a train of twenty-five to thirty wagons, and on coming in over the Trail from the west, went into corral or camp two or three miles south of Mr. Wornald's on the prairie where there was good grazing, and the wagon master would send into Kansas City as many teams at a time as could conveniently unload and load at the warehouses.

It might take a train several days to load with the freight and go out, which kept the road constantly filled with teams going in and coming out; but when the work was completed, the wagons and teams were assembled into a train of the former proportions and all made ready to start on the long journey across the desert or plains. A train might travel ten to twenty miles a day, its progress depending on the condition of the weather and the roads, and sometimes the facilities for obtaining water for the animals when it camped for the night.

From all I could see I gained the impression that the life of a teamster was a hard one, a rough one, but inquiry disclosed that he was fairly well paid for his services, and received thirty dollars per month and his board, instead of fifteen as I was getting, and thinking the matter over, I determined that when Mr. Wornald felt that his house was so nearly finished and his crops out of the way, that he would have to reduce his hired help, that I would make an effort to secure employment as a teamster in one of the big trains engaged in hauling supplies for Army posts in the west. Early in August the time came when there was a slackening of the work and Mr. Wornald decided that he did not have enough work on his farm to keep me with advantage and paid me off, and I immediately started for Independence where I knew some of the big freight contractors lived, to see if I could not secure employment as teamster in one of their out-going trains. The gentleman I called upon and stayed all night with, referred me to Majors, Russell & Waddell, Leavenworth, Kansas, who were then the largest government freight contractors in the west, and he thought that they could give me employment as a teamster, and said that I could refer to him when I presented my application for the position.

At that time Leavenworth was the shipping point on the Missouri River for all freight going west and northwest over the Salt Lake Trail, most of which was for Army Posts and for the troops operating in Utah.

ORIGIN OF "I'M FROM MISSOURI."

The origin of the expression "I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me," which has resulted in making Missouri known as the "Show Me" State is again attracting the attention of magazine and newspaper writers. These three accounts are worth reproducing. The first is a letter from Hon. W. D. Vandiver, of Columbia, Mo., which appeared in *The St. Louis Star* of November 27, 1921:

"After mentioning the fact that the *Literary Digest* credits me with the authorship of the expression 'I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me,' you ask me for a statement of the circumstances under which I first used it, or some account of the origin of this much-quoted phrase which has come to be popularly regarded as a state slogan.

"In complying with your request I must take chances on some more ambitious scribbler attempting to prove a prior claim to its authorship; and if any satisfactory proof can be furnished showing that it had been used before the occasion when my use of it gave it currency, I shall not be contentious about it, because I have never considered it of such great value as to warrant taking out a copyright on it.

"In fact it is possible that the real coinage of it may have been prior to the occasion herein referred to, but I have no recollection of having seen it or heard it before that time.

"At any rate I think the occasion of my using it was some twenty odd years ago at a banquet in Philadelphia, and it is interesting to note that *The Star* was the first paper to make the discovery. The expression itself had been in circulation several years before anyone asked where it came from, and then *The Star*, having heard something of my use of it, attributed it to me, but with only scant mention.

"Later on, about a dozen years, *The Star* published a more extended account, but, as I remember, without naming any time or place. Then, about the first of April, 1911, *The New York Herald* started an inquiry as to the authorship of the saying which by that time had traveled around the globe and was repeated wherever the name of Missouri was pronounced.

"*The Herald* interviewed Champ Clark, former Governor Hadley and others and the in their Sunday feature section devoted a full page to the subject and the same story, I think, was published in substantially the same form in the *Memphis Appeal* and some

other papers. They traced it back to my use of it and, not being able to trace it further, credited me with its authorship. This I think, is a frank and plain statement of all the effort that has been made to discover and establish the origin of the slogan, if it may be so called.

"But you ask for the circumstances attending the birth of this child of feverish fancy which has fretted some and puzzled thousands of others, and yet refuses to be buried or retired to oblivion.

"As well as I am able to recall, it was soon after I became a member of congress and the naval committee of which I was a member was inspecting the government navy yards at Philadelphia. After a very busy day among the naval officers and the big guns and battleships and armor plate shops, we were invited to a magnificent banquet by the Five O'Clock Club of Philadelphia. I had not gone prepared for a banquet, neither had former Governor Hull of Iowa and one or two others of our party. He and I first thought we would not go to the banquet, but on being urged we consented to attend. On entering the banquet hall, an hour later, imagine my surprise at seeing the governor in full dress. He had rented the dress suit, and I was the only man in the company of 200 without an evening suit. I fared well except for this embarrassment, as my seat was next to old Commodore Cramp, the world's famous shipbuilder, and I enjoyed his conversation very much. But about midnight, after speeches and champagne had been flowing freely, Governor Hull made a glowing speech, praising the old city and its hospitality in most extravagant terms. As soon as he finished the toastmaster announced me as the member from Missouri and called for a speech.

"I realized that I must crawl under the table and hide or else defy the conventionalities and bull the market so to speak. I started in with no serious thought, and almost half mad but determined to get even with the governor in a good-natured way.

"I made a rough and tumble speech, saying the meanest things I could think about the Old Quaker town, telling them they were a hundred years behind the times, their city government was the worst in America, which was almost the truth, and various other things, in the worst style I could command; and then turning toward Governor Hull followed up with a roast something like this: 'His talk about your hospitality is all bunk; he wants another feed. He tells you that the tailors, finding he was here without a dress suit, made one for him in fifteen minutes. I have a different explanation; you heard him say he came over without one and you see him now with one that doesn't fit him. The explanation is that he stole mine and that's the reason why you

see him with one on and me without any. This story from Iowa doesn't go at all with me; *I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me.*

"It was a good-natured party and they took it all in a fine humor, and applauded it lustily. One good Irishman started the song, 'He's a good liar—he's a good liar,' and they all joined in heartily and then changed to 'He's a good fellow,' and one friendly fellow thought he was shaking hands with Mark Twain—and never learned any better.

(Editor's note.—Col. Vandiver bears a striking facial resemblance to Mark Twain.)

"There was but little publicity of the occasion and it was sometime afterward before the expression attracted much attention from the general public. This is the history of it as far as I can recall. But the interpretation of its meaning has led to some discussion. Former Governor Hadley about ten years ago, assuming it to indicate a slowness or dullness of preception, tried to supplant it with a more creditable slogan for the state and offered a prize of \$500 for a suitable expression more typical of Missouri and her people. But nothing came of this effort though several more dignified phrases were proposed.

"The public has not seemed to care for any prepared formula and has apparently accepted the 'Show Me' as properly indicative of the inquiring spirit and the cautious habit, about as given by the *Literary Digest* and the dictionary which defines it as the attitude of 'one not easily taken in.' "

Col. Willard D. Vandiver.

The second account is a letter from Mr. William M. Ledbetter, of St. Louis, which appeared in *The St. Louis Star* of November 29, 1921:

"To the Editor: In the *Sunday Star* of November 27, the question of the origin of the now world-wide phrase, 'I'm from Missouri, you'll have to show me', is discussed and through an answer to a query directed to the *Literary Digest*, the authorship of this phrase is traced to former Congressman W. D. Vandiver of Columbia, Mo.

"Judge Vandiver modestly and gracefully disclaims any credit for originating the expression, and from his detailed explanation it is evident that he is not responsible for it, although his use of it in a Philadelphia speech was the occasion for its wide circulation through the press of the east and throughout the country. As you say, it is now current in every language and country.

"Some years ago, while managing editor of the *St. Louis Republic*, I had occasion to run down this matter, and as my investigation served to corroborate facts already in my possession,

I believe the following account of the origin of this expression is correct, and in the interest of historical accuracy should be set down.

"Judge Vandiver says he first used the expression about twenty years ago. At that time it was widely current in Missouri and throughout the West.

"As a matter of fact, it came from the West and did not originate in Missouri at all. First employed as a term of reproach and ridicule, it soon passed into a different meaning entirely, and is now employed to indicate the stalwart, conservative, non-credulous character of the people of this state. Most Missourians are proud of it. Now, as to its origin:

"About 1897 or 1898, while a member of the *Kansas City Times* staff, I was in Denver, Colorado, and overheard a clerk in one of the hotels refer to a green bellhop, who had just taken a guest to the wrong room, in this language: 'He's from Missouri. Some of you boys show him.'

"Inquiry proved that the expression was then current in Denver, although it had not been heard in Kansas City or other parts of Missouri.

"Further investigation revealed that the phrase had originated in the mining town of Leadville, Colorado, where a strike had been in progress for a long time, and a number of miners from the zinc and lead district of Southwest Missouri had been imported to take the places of the strikers. These Joplin miners were unfamiliar with the methods in use in the Leadville district, and it being necessary to give them frequent instructions. In fact, the pit bosses were constantly using the expression: 'That man is from Missouri; you'll have to show him.' The phrase soon became current above ground, and was used as a term of reproach by the strikers and their friends toward all the men who were at work.

"Within a few months of the time I first heard the expression in Denver, it was current around the hotels in Kansas City, and in the fall of 1898, when I came to St. Louis to reside, I heard it at the Planters Hotel. In fact, for the first few years its circulation was largely due to the traveling men. Then it began to get into print and finally the after-dinner speakers placed the stamp of their approval upon it.

"Like the grain of dirt in the oyster shell, however, the process of assimilation into the language of everyday life, has transformed it from a meaning of opprobrium into a pearl of approbation."

The last account appeared in *The Kansas City Star* of February 19, 1922:

Recently the *Literary Digest* answered a correspondent's question as to the origin of the now widely quoted phrase, "I'm

from Missouri, you've got to show me," by stating that it had been coined by Col. Willard D. Vandiver, former United States sub-treasurer in St. Louis, now of Columbia, Mo.

This interested a St. Louis newspaper and Colonel Vandiver was asked to write an account of the circumstances that seemed to have fastened upon Missouri the by-name of "the Show Me State." He complied, stating his belief that he first used the expression in a speech at a banquet in Philadelphia some twenty years ago, but admitting that "it is possible the real coinage of it may have been prior to the occasion herein referred to, but I have no recollection of having seen it or heard of it before that time."

The Literary Digest's quotations from the article by Colonel Vandiver were called to the attention of C. M. Love, a contractor and builder of Fort Worth, Texas, who writes to *The Star* the following letter of his rather more thrilling use of the expression as early as 1896, somewhere about seven years before Colonel Vandiver's speech:

"It was some time between July 13 and October 6, 1896, that Robert Timmons, Ernest Gobar, Len Allington and I, all of Joplin, Mo., H. W. Ricketts and William McGlumphy of Lincoln, Nebraska, were in Cripple Creek, Colorado. The town was thronged with gold seekers and on account of the scarcity of accommodations we were batching together. The crowds congregated nightly in saloons and dance halls instead of hotel lobbies, as in the latter place the charge for a chair was \$1 a night.

"It was in one of these places that we were gathered on the evening to which I particularly refer. While the above mentioned men and I were dancing, a man, somewhat in his 'cups' came in, grabbing at a girl with the remark, 'Come here,' but she shrank from his grasp and the dancing went on. Later in the evening he made certain remarks about being able to whip any man in the house, and as I was standing so close to him I took it as personal. In a flash I replied, 'I'm from Missouri; you will have to show me.'

"A short fight ensued. This bully proved himself as lacking in strength as he was in courage and soon met his Waterloo. I quickly passed out the back way to our cabin and in a short time afterwards returned to the dance hall and found an officer there making inquiry as to who had hit the man. No one seemed to know. He finally strolled over to me and asked if I saw the man who hit him. I replied, 'I had, but did not like to expose him.' On receiving this reply, he gave me a sly wink and said, 'Let's have a drink.' While at the bar, after looking around to see we were unobserved, he surprised me by saying, 'I am glad you hit him. I saw you do it through the window. It was coming to him.'

"Immediately after the officer left the house the different acquaintances gathered around me and began repeating my re-

mark, 'I'm from Missouri, you will have to show me.' It became quite a slogan in Cripple Creek after that. On October 5, 1896, H. W. Ricketts and I went to the Carnival of Mountains and Plains at Denver. Many others went from Cripple Creek and as we friends and acquaintances passed on the streets, we greeted each other with that slogan, and I have cause to believe that I am the originator of the phrase."

This claim would seem to be supported by the account of W. M. Ledbetter, executive secretary of the New Constitution Association of Missouri, whose communication to the St. Louis paper was also picked up by the *Literary Digest*. He asserts that the expression was common in Kansas City before 1900 and that investigation then showed it had its origin in Colorado among former Missourians.

SHELBY'S EXPEDITION TO MEXICO

AN UNWRITTEN LEAF OF THE WAR.

BY JOHN N. EDWARDS.

SEVENTH ARTICLE — (REPRINT).

CHAPTER XIII.

The great guns were roaring furiously at Matehuala when the expedition came within hearing distance of its outposts. Night had fallen over the city, and its twenty thousand inhabitants, before the advance guard of the column had halted for further orders. The unknown was ahead. All day, amid the mountains, there had come upon the breeze the deep, prolonged rumbling of artillery firing; and as the column approached nearer and nearer to the city, there was mingled with the hoarse voices of the cannon the nearer and deadlier rattle of incessant musketry.

Shelby rode up to the head of his advance and enquired the cause of the heavy firing. No one could tell him.

"Then we will camp," he said. "Afterwards a few scouts shall determine definitely."

The number of scouts detailed for service was not large—probably sixty all told. These were divided into four detachments, each detachment being sent out in a direction different from the others. James Kirtly led one, Dick Collins another, Jo. Macey, the third, and Dorsey the fourth. They were to bring word back of the meaning of all that infernal noise and din that had been raging about Matehuala the whole day through. And they did it.

Kirtly took the main road running down squarely into the city. A piquet post barred his further progress. Making a circuit cautiously, he gained the rear of this, and came upon a line of soldiers in bivouac. In the shadow himself, the light of the campfire revealed to him the great forms and the swarthy countenances of a battalion of guerrillas. Further

beyond there were other fires at which other battalions were cooking and resting.

Collins was less fortunate in this that he had to fight a little. Warned against using weapons except in self-defense, he had drawn up his small detachment under the cover of a clump of mesquite bushes, watching the road along which men were riding to and fro. His ambush was discovered, and a company of cavalry came galloping down to uncover his position. Halted twice they still continued to advance. There was no help for it save a point blank volley, and this was given with a will and in the darkness. Some saddles were emptied, and one riderless horse dashed into the midst of the Americans. This was secured and carried into camp.

Macey made a wide detour upon the left of the road, and across some cultivated fields in which were a few huts filled with peons. Five of these peons were captured and brought back to Shelby. Questioned closely, they revealed the whole situation. Matehuala was held by a French garrison numbering five hundred of the 82nd infantry of the line—a weak detachment enough for such an exposed outpost. These five hundred Frenchmen were commanded by Major Henry Pierron, an officer of extreme youth and dauntless enterprise.

Shelby called a council of his officers at once. The peons had further told him that the besieging force was composed of about two thousand guerrillas, under Colonel Escobeda, brother of that other one who laughed, and was glad exceedingly, when Maximilian fell, butchered and betrayed, at Queretaro. At daylight the garrison was to be attacked again, and so what was to be done had to be done quickly.

The officers called readily, and Shelby addressed them.

"We have marched far, we have but scant money, our horses are foot-sore and much in need of shoes, and Matehuala is across the only road for scores of miles in any direction that leads to Mexico. Shall we turn back and take another?"

"No! No!" in a kind of angry murmur from the men.

"But there are two thousand Mexican soldiers, or robbers, who are next of kin, across this road, and we may have to fight a little. Are you tired of fighting?"

"Lead us on and see," was the cry, and this time his officers had begun to catch his meaning. They understood now that he was tempting them. Already determined in his own mind to attack the Mexicans at daylight, he simply wished to see how much of his own desire was in the bosoms of his subordinates.

"One other thing," said Shelby, "before we separate. From among you I want a couple of volunteers—two men who will take their lives in their hands and find an entrance into Matehuala. I must communicate with Pierron before daylight. It is necessary that he should know how near there is succor to him, and how furiously we mean to charge them in the morning. Who will go?"

All who were present volunteered, stepping one pace nearer to their commander in a body. He chose but two—James Cundiff and Elias Hodge—two men fit for any mission no matter how forlorn or desperate.

By this time they had learned enough of Spanish to buy meat and bread—not enough to pass undetected an outlying guerrilla with an eye like a lynx and an ear keener than a coyote's. They started, however, just the same. Shelby would write nothing.

"A document might hang you," he said "and, besides, Pierron cannot, in all probability, read my English. Go, and may God protect you."

These two dauntless men then shook hands with their commander, and with the few comrades nearest. After that they disappeared in the unknown. It was a cloudy night, and some wind blew. In this they were greatly favored. The darkness hid the clear outlines of their forms, and the wind blended the tread of their footsteps with the rustling of the leaves and the grasses. Two revolvers and a Sharpe's carbine each made up the equipment. Completely ignorant of the entire topography of the country, they yet had a kind of vague idea of the direction in which Matehuala lay. They

knew that the main road was hard beset by guerrillas, and that upon the right a broken and precipitous chain of mountains encircled the city and made headway in that direction well nigh impossible. They chose the left, therefore, as the least of three evils.

It was now about midnight, and it was two long miles to Matehuala. Shelby required them to enter into the city; about their coming back he was not so particular. Cundiff led, Hodge following in Indian fashion. At intervals both men would draw themselves up and listen, long and anxiously. At last after crossing a wide field, intersected by ditches and but recently plowed, they came to a road which had a mesquite hedge on one side, and a fence, with a few straggling poles in it, on the other. Gliding stealthily down this road, the glimmering of a light in front warned them of immediate danger. In avoiding this they came upon another house; and in going still further to the left to avoid this also, they found themselves in the midst of a kind of extended village—one of those interminable suburbs close to yet disconnected from all Mexican cities.

Wherever there was a *tienda*—that is to say, a place where the fiery native drink of the country is sold—two or three saddle horses might have been seen. In whispers, the men conferred together.

"They are here," said Hodge.

"They seem to be everywhere," answered Cundiff.

"What do you propose?"

"To glide quietly through. I have a strong belief that beyond this village we shall find Matehuala."

They struck out boldly again, passing near to a *tienda* in which there were music and dancing. When outside of the glare of the light which streamed from its open door, the sound of horses' feet coming down the road they had just traveled called for instant concealment. They crouched low behind a large maguey plant and waited. The horsemen came right onward, laughing loud and boisterously. They did not halt in the village, but rode on by the ambush

and so close that they could have touched the Americans with a sabre.

"A scratch," said Hodge, breathing more freely.

"Hush," said Cundiff, crouching still closer in the shadow of the maguey, "the worst is yet to come."

And it was. From where the Americans had hidden, to the *tienda* in which the Mexicans were carousing, it was probably fifteen paces. The sudden galloping of the horse-men through the village had startled the revellers. If they were friends, they called out to each other, they would have tarried long enough for a stirrup cup; if they are enemies we shall pursue.

The Mexicans were a little drunk, yet not enough so to make them negligent. After mounting their horses, they spread out in skirmishing order, with an interval, probably, of five feet between each man. Against the full glare that streamed out from the lighted doorway, the picturesque forms of five guerrillas outlined themselves. The silver ornaments on their bridles shone, the music of the spurs penetrated to the ambush, and the wide *sombreros* told all too well the calling of those mounted robbers who are wolves in pursuit and tigers in victory. None have ever been known to spare.

Hodge would talk, brave as he was, and imminent as was his peril. Even in this extremity his soldierly tactics came uppermost.

"There are five," he said, "and we are but two. We have fought worse odds."

"So we have," answered Cundiff, "and may do it again before this night's work is over. Lie low and wait."

The guerrillas came right onward. At a loss to understand fully the nature of the men who had just ridden through the village, they were maneuvering now as if they expected to meet them in hostile array at any moment. There were fifty chances to five that some one of the skirmishers would discover the ambush.

Although terrible, the suspense was brief. Between the maguey plant and the road, two of the guerrillas filled

up the interval. This left the three others to the left and rear. They had their musketoons in their hands, and were searching keenly every clump of grass or patch of underbrush. Those nearest the road had passed on, and those upon the left were just abreast of the ambush. The Americans did not breathe. Suddenly, and with a fierce shout, the third skirmisher in the line yelled out:

"What ho! comrades, close up—close up—here are two skulking Frenchmen. *Per Dios*, but we will have their heart's blood."

As he shouted he levelled his musket until its muzzle almost touched the quiet face of Cundiff, the rest of the Mexicans rushing up furiously to the spot.

CHAPTER XIV.

If it be true, that when a woman hesitates she is lost, the adage applies with a ten-fold greater degree of precision to a Mexican guerrilla, who has come suddenly upon an American in ambush, and who, mistaking him for a French soldier, hesitates to fire until he has called around him his comrades. A revolver to a Frenchman is an unknown weapon. Skill in its use is something he never acquires. Rarely a favorite in his hands no matter how great the stress, nor how frightful the danger, it is the muzzle-loader that ever comes uppermost, favored above all other weapons that might have been had for the asking.

Cundiff, face to face with imminent death, meant to fight to the last. His orders were to go into Matehuala, and not to give up as a wolf that is taken in a trap. His revolver was in his hand, and the Mexican took one second too many to run his eye along the barrel of his musketoon. With a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, Cundiff fired fair at the Mexican's breast, the bullet speeding true and terrible to its mark. He fell forward over his horse's head with a ghastly cry, his four companions crowding around his prostrate body, frightened, it may be, but bent on vengeance. As they grouped themselves together, Hodge

and Cundiff shot into the crowd, wounding another guerrilla and one of the horses, and then broke away from cover and rushed on toward Matehuala. The road ran directly through a village. This village was long and scattering, and alive with soldiers. A great shout was raised; ten thousand dogs seemed to be on the alert, more furious than the men, and keener of sight and scent. The flight became a hunt. The houses sent armed men in pursuit. The five guerrillas, reduced now to three, led the rush, but not desperately. Made acquainted with the stern prowess of the Americans, they had no heart for a close grapple without heavy odds. At intervals Cundiff and Hodge would halt and fire back with their carbines, and then press forward again through the darkness. Two men were keeping two hundred at bay, and Cundiff spoke to Hodge:

"This pace is fearful. How long can you keep it up?"

"Not long. There seems, however, to be a light ahead."

And there was. A large fire, distant some five hundred yards, came suddenly in sight. The rapid firing coming both from pursuers and pursued, had created commotion in front. There were the rallying notes of a bugle, and the sudden forming of a line of men immediately in front of the camp-fire seen by the Americans. Was it a French outpost? Neither knew, but against this unforeseen danger now outlined fully in the front, that in the rear was too near and too deadly to permit of preparation.

"We are surrounded," said Hodge.

"Rather say we are in the breakers, and that in trying to avoid Scylla we shall be wrecked upon Charybdis," replied Cundiff, turning coolly to his comrade, after firing deliberately upon the nearest of the pursuers, and halting long enough to reload his carbine. "It all depends upon a single chance."

"And what is that chance?"

"To escape the first close fusillade of the French."

"But are they French—those fellows in front of us?"

"Can't you swear to that? Did you not mark how accurately they fell into line, and how silent everything has been since? Keep your ears wide open, and when you hear

a single voice call out, fall flat upon the ground. That single voice will be the leader's ordering a volley."

It would seem that the Mexicans also had begun to realize the situation. A last desperate rush had been determined upon, and twenty of the swiftest and boldest pursuers charged furiously down at a run, firing as they came on. There was no shelter, and Cundiff and Hodge stood openly at bay, holding, each his fire, until the oncoming mass was only twenty yards away. Then the revolver volleys were incessant. At a distance they sounded as if a company were engaged; to the guerrillas the two men had multiplied themselves to a dozen.

The desperate stand made told well. The fierce charge expended itself. Those farthest in the front slackened their pace, halted, fell back, retreated a little, yet still kept up an incessant volley.

"Come," said Cundiff, "and let's try the unknown. Those fellows in the rear have had enough."

Instead of advancing together now, one skirted the road on the left and the other on the right. The old skirmishing drill was beginning to re-assert itself again—a sure sign that the danger in the rear had transferred itself to the front. Of a sudden a clear, resonant voice came from the direction of the fire. Cundiff and Hodge fell forward instantly upon their faces, a hurricane of balls swept over and beyond them, and for reply the loud, calm shout of Hodge was heard in parley:

"Hold on, men, hold on. We are but two and we are friends. See, we come into your lines to make our words good. We are Americans and we have tidings for Capt. Pierron."

Four French soldiers came out to meet them. Explanations were mutually had, and it was long past midnight when the commander of the garrison had finished his conference with the daring scouts, and had been well assured of his timely and needed succor.

Pierron offered them food and lodging.

"We must return," said Cundiff.

The Frenchman opened his eyes wide with surprise.

"Return, the devil! You have not said your prayers yet for being permitted to get in."

"No matter. He prays best who fights the best, and Shelby gives no thanks for unfinished work. Am I right, Hodge?"

"Now as always; but surely Captain Pierron can send us by a nearer road."

The Frenchman thus appealed to, gave the two men an escort of forty cuirassiers and sent them back to Shelby's camp by a road but slightly guarded, the Mexican piquets upon it firing but once at long range and then scampering away.

It was daylight, and the great guns were roaring again. The column got itself in motion at once and waited. Shelby's orders were repeated by each captain to his company, and in words so plain that he who ran might have understood. The attack was to be made in column of fours, the men firing right and left from the two files as they dashed in among the Mexicans. It was the old way of doing deadly work, and not a man there was unfamiliar with the duty marked out for his hands to do.

Largely outnumbered, the French were fighting as men fight who know that defeat means destruction. Many of them had been killed. Pierron was anxious, and through the rising mists of the morning, his eyes more than once, and with an earnestness not usually there, looked away to the front where he knew the needed succor lay. It came as it always came, whether to friend or foe, *in time*. Not a throb of the laggard's pulse had Shelby ever felt, and upon this day of all days of his stormy career, he meant to do a soldier's sacred duty. From a walk the column passed into a trot, Shelby leading. There was no advance guard ahead, and none was needed.

"We know what is before us," was his answer to Langhorne, "and it is my pleasure this morning to receive the fire first of you all. Take your place with your company, the fifth from the front."

"Gallop—march!"

The men gathered up the reins and straightened themselves in their stirrups. Some Mexicans were in the road before them and halted. The apparition to them came from the unknown. They might have been spectres, but they were armed, and armed spectres are terrible. The alarm of the night before had been attributed to the daring of two adventurous Frenchmen. Not one of the besieging host had dreamed that a thousand Americans were within two miles of Matehuala, resolved to fight for the besieged, and take the investing lines in rear and at the gallop.

On one side of the road down which Shelby was advancing there ran a chain of broken and irregular hills, on the other, the long, straggling village in which Cundiff and Hodge had well nigh sacrificed themselves. These the daylight revealed perfectly. Between the hills and the village was a plain, and in this plain the Mexican forces were drawn up, three lines deep, having as a *point d'appui* a heavy six-gun battery.

Understanding at last that while the column coming down from the rear was not Frenchmen, it was not friendly, the Mexicans made some dispositions to resist it. Too late! Caught between two inexorable jaws, they were crushed before they were aware of the peril. Shelby's charge was like a thunder-cloud. Nothing could live before the storm of its revolver bullets. Lurid, canopied in smoke-wreaths, pitiless, keeping right onward, silent in all save the roar of the revolvers, there was first a line that fired upon it, and then a great upheaving and rending asunder. When the smoke rolled away the battery had no living thing to lift a hand in its defense, and the fugitives were in hopeless and helpless flight towards the mountains on the right and towards the village upon the left. Pursuit Shelby made none, but God pity all whom the French cuirassiers overtook, and who, cloven from *sombrero* to sword-belt, fell thick in all the streets of the village, and died hard among the dagger-trees and the precipices of the stony and unsheltering mountains.

Pierron came forth with his entire garrison to thank and welcome his preservers. The freedom of the city was ex-

tended to Shelby, the stores of the post were at his disposal, money was offered and refused, and for three long and delightful days the men rested and feasted. To get shoes for his horses, Shelby had fought a battle, not bloodless, however, to him, but a battle treasured to-day in the military archives of France—a battle which won for him the gratitude of the whole French army, and which, in the end, turned from him the confidence of Maximilian and rendered abortive all his efforts to recruit for the Austrian a corps that would have kept him upon his throne. Verily, man proposes and God disposes.

CHAPTER XV.

Pierron made Matehuala a Paradise. There were days of feasting, and mirth, and minstrelsy; and in the balm of fragrant nights the men dallied with the women. So when the southward march was resumed, many a bronzed face was set in a look of sadness, and many a regretful heart pined long and tenderly for the dusky hair that would never be plaited again—for the tropical lips that for them would never sing again the songs of the roses and the summer time.

Adventures grew thick along the road as cactus plants. Villages multiplied, and as the ride went on, larger towns and larger populations were daily entered into. The French held all the country. Everywhere could be seen the picturesque uniforms of the zouaves, the soberer garments of the Voltigeurs, the gorgeous array of the Chasseurs, and the more sombre and forbidding aspect of the Foot Artillery. The French held all the country—that is to say, wherever a French garrison had stationed itself, or wherever a French expeditionary force, or scouting force, or reconnoitering force had camped or was on the march, such force held all the country within the range of their cannon and their chasse-pots. Otherwise not. Guerrillas abounded in the mountains; robbers fed and fattened by all the streams; spies swarmed upon the haciendas, and cruel and ruthless scourges from the marshes rode in under the full of the tropical moons, and slew for a whole night through, and on many a night at

intervals thereafter whoever of Mexican or Punic faith had carried truth or tidings of Liberal movements to the French.

It was in Dolores, the home of Hidalgo—priest, butcher, revolutionist—that those wonderful blankets are made which blend the colors of the rainbow with the strength of the north wind. Soft, warm, gorgeous, flexible, two strong horses cannot pull them asunder—two weeks of an east rain cannot find a pore to penetrate. Marvels of an art that has never been analyzed or transferred, Dolores, a century old, has yet an older secret than itself—the secret of their weaving.

Shelby's discipline was now sensibly increasing. As the men marched into the South, and as the soft airs blew for them, and the odorous blossoms opened for them, and the dusky beauties were gay and gracious for them, they began to chafe under the iron rule of the camp, and the inexorable logic of guard and piquet duty. Once a detachment of ten, told off for the grand guards, refused to stir from the mess-fire about which an elegant supper was being prepared.

And in such guise did the word come to Shelby.

"They refuse," he asked.

"Peremptorily, General."

"Ah! And for what reason?"

"They say it is unnecessary."

"And so, in addition to rank mutiny, they would justify themselves? Call out the guard!"

The guards came, Jo. Macey at its head—twenty determined men, fit for any work a soldier might do. Shelby rose up and went with it to where the ten mutineers were feasting and singing. They knew what was coming, and their leader—brave even to desperation—laid his hand upon his revolver. There was murder in his eyes—that wicked and wanton murder which must have been in Sampson's heart when he laid hold of the pillar of the Temple and felt the throes of the crushing edifice as it swayed and toppled, and buried all in a common ruin.

Jo. Macey halted his detachment within five feet of the mess fire. He had first whispered to Shelby:

"When you want me, speak. I shall kill nine of the ten the first broadside."

It can do no good to write the name of the leader of the mutineers. He sleeps to-day in the golden sands of a Sonora stream—sleeps, forgiven^s by all whose lives he might have given away—given away without cause or grievance. When he dared to disobey, either this man or the Expedition had to be sacrificed. Happily, both were saved.

Shelby walked into the midst of the mutineers, looking into the eyes of all. His voice was very deep and very grave.

"Men, go back to your duty. I am among you all, an adventurer like yourselves, but I have been charged to carry you through to Mexico City in safety, and this I will do, so surely as the good God rules the universe. I don't seek to know the cause of this thing. I ask no reason for it, no excuse for it, no regrets nor apologies for it. I only want your soldierly promise to obey."

No man spoke. The leader mistook the drift of things and tried to advance a little. Shelby stopped him instantly.

"Not another word," he almost shouted, "but if within fifteen seconds by the watch you are not in line for duty, you shall be shot like the meanest Mexican dog in all the Empire. Cover these men, Macey, with your carbines."

Twenty gaping muzzles crept straight to the front, waiting. The seconds seemed as hours. In that supreme moment of unpyting danger the young mutineer, if left to himself, would have dared the worst, dying as he had lived; but the others could not look full into the face of the grim skeleton and take the venture for a cause so disgraceful. They yielded to the inevitable, and went forth to their duty bearing their leader with them. Thereafter no more faithful and honorable soldiers could be found in the ranks of all the Expedition.

The column had gone southward from Dolores a long day's journey. The whole earth smelt sweet with spring. In the air was the noise of many wings—on the trees the purple and pink of many blossoms. Summer lay with bare breast upon all the fields—a queen whose rule had never

known an hour of storm or overthrow. It was a glorious land filled full of the sun and of the things that love the sun.

Late one afternoon—tired, hot and dusty—Dick Collins and Ike Berry halted by the wayside for a little rest and a little gossip. In violation of orders this thing had been done, and Mars is a jealous and a vengeful god. They tarried long, smoking a bit and talking a bit, and finally fell asleep.

A sudden scout of guerrillas woke the gentlemen, using upon Collins the back of a sabre, and upon Berry, who was larger and sounder of slumber, the butt of a musketoon. There were six of them—swart, soldierly fellows, who wore gilded spurs and bedecked *sombreros*.

"*Francaisches*, eh!" they muttered one to another.

Berry knew considerable Spanish—Collins not so much. To lie under the imputation of being French was to lie within the shadow of sudden death. Berry tried to keep away from that. He answered:

"No, no, Senors, not *Francaisches*, but *Americanos*."

The Mexicans looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders. Berry had revealed to them that he spoke Spanish enough to be dangerous.

Their pistols were taken from them, their carbines, their horses, and whatever else could be found, including a few pieces of silver in Berry's pocket. Then they felt of Collins' pantaloons. It had been so long since they echoed to the jingle of either silver or gold, that even the pockets issued a protest at the imputation. Afterwards, the two men were marched across the country to a group of adobe buildings among a range of hills, far enough removed from the route of travel to be safe from rescue. They were cast into a filthy room where there was neither bed nor blanket, and bade to rest there. Two of the guard, with musketoons in hand and revolvers at waist, occupied the same room. With them, the dirt and the fleas were congenial companions.

Collins fell a musing.

"What are you thinking about, Dick?" Berry asked.

"Escape. And you?"

"Of something to eat."

Here was a Hercules who was always hungry.

A Mexican, in his normal condition, must have drink. A stone ewer of fiery Catalan was brought in, and as the night deepened, so did their potations. Before midnight the two guards were drunk. An hour later, and one of them was utterly oblivious to all earthly objects. The other amused himself by pointing his cocked gun at the Americans, laughing low and savagely when they would endeavor to screen themselves from his comic mirth.

His drunken comrade was lying on his back, with a scarf around his waist, in which a knife was sticking.

Collins looked at it until his eyes glittered. He found time to whisper to Berry:

"You are as strong as an ox. Stand by me when I seize that knife and plunge it in the other Mexican's breast, I may not kill him the first time and if I do not, then grapple with him. The second stab shall be more fatal.

"Unto death," replied Berry. "Make haste."

For one instant the guard took his eyes from the movements of the Americans. Collins seized the knife and rose up—stealthy, menacing, terrible. They advanced upon the Mexican. He turned as they came across the room and threw out his gun. Too late. Aiming at the left side, Collins' blow swerved aside, the knife entering just below the breast bone and cutting a dreadful gash. With the spring of a tiger-cat Berry leaped upon him and hurled him to the floor. Again the knife arose—there was a dull, penetrating thud, a quiver of relaxing limbs, a groan that sounded like a curse, and beside the drunken man there lay another who would never touch Catalan again this side of eternity.

Instant flight was entered into. Stripping the arms from the living and the dead, the Americans hurried out. They found their horses unguarded; the wretched village was in unbroken sleep, and not anywhere did wakeful or vigilant sentinel rise up to question or restrain. By the noon of the next day they had reported to Shelby, and for many days thereafter a shadow was seen on Collins' face that told of

the desperate blow struck in the name of self-defence and liberty. After that the two men never straggled again.

Crosses are common in Mexico. Lifting up their penitential arms, however, by the wayside, and in forlorn and gloomy places, if they do not affright one, they at least put one to thinking. There where they stand, ghastly and weather-beaten under the sky, and alone with the stars and the night, murder has been done. There at the feet of them—in the yellow dust of the roadway—innocent, it may be, and true, and too young to die—a dead man has lain with his face in a pool of blood. Sometimes flowers adorn the crosses, and votive offerings, and many a rare and quaint conceit to lighten the frown of the face of death, and fashion a few links in the chain of memory that shall make even the dead claim kinship with all the glad and sweet-growing things of the wonderful summer weather.

Over beyond Dolores Hidalgo, a pleasant two-days' journey, there was a high hill that held a castle. On either side of this there were heavy masses of timber. Below the fall of the woodlands a meadow stretched itself out, bounded on the hither side by a stream that was limpid and musical. Beyond this stream a broken way began, narrowing down at least to a rugged defile, and opening once more into a country fruitful as Paradise and filled as full of the sun.

Just where the defile broke away from the shade of the great oaks a cross stood whose history had a haunting memory that was sorrowful even in that sinful and sorrowful land. There was a young girl who lived in this castle, very fair for a Mexican and very steadfast and true. The interval is short between seedtime and harvest, and she ripened early. In the full glory of her beauty and her womanhood, she was plighted to a young *commandante* from Dolores, heir of many fertile acres, a soldier and an Imperialist. Maybe the wooing was sweet, for what came after had in it enough of bitterness and tears. The girl had a brother who was a guerrilla chief, devoted, first to his profession and next to the fortunes of Juarez. Spies were everywhere. and even

from his own household news was carried of the courtship and the approaching marriage.

For days and days he watched by the roadside, scanning all faces that hurried by, seeking alone for the face that might have been told for its happiness. One night there was a trampling of horsemen, and a low voice singing tenderly under the moon. The visit had been long, and the parting passionate and pure. Only a little ways with love at his heart and the future so near with its outstretched hands as to reach up almost to the marriage-ring. No murmur ran along the lips of the low-lying grasses, and no sentinel angel rose up betwixt fate and its victim. His uniform carried death in its yellow and gold. Not to his own alone had the fair-haired Austrian brought broken hearts and stained and sundered marriage-vows. Only the clear, long ring of a sudden musket, and the dead Imperialist lay with his face in the dust and his spirit going the dark way all alone. From such an interview why ride to such an ending? No tenderness availed him, no caress consoled him, no fond farewell gave him staff and scrip for the journey. He died where the woods and the meadows met—for a love by manhood and faith anointed.

In the morning there had been lifted up a cross. It was standing there still in the glorious weather. The same flowers were blooming still, the same stream swept on by the castle gates, the same splendid sweep of woodland and meadow spread itself out as God's land loved of the sky—but the gallant Commandante, where was he? Ask of the masses that the pitying angels heard and carried on their wings to heaven.

One tall spire, like the mighty standard of a king, arose through the lances of the sunset. San Miguel was in sight, a city built upon a hill. Around its forbidding base the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed, and there had grim old Carterac called out, the cloud of the cannon's smoke and the cloud of his beard white together:

"My children, the Third know how to die. One more victory and one more cross for all of you. Forward!"

This to the Third Zouaves as they were fixing bayonets on the crest of a charge with which all the Empire rang. Afterwards, when Carterac was buried, shot foremost in the breach, the natives came to view the grave and turned away wondering what manner of a giant had been interred therein. He had gone but a little way in advance of his children. What San Miguel had spared Gravelotte finished. Verily, war has its patriarchs no less renowned than Israel's.

From the gates of the town, and down the long paven way leading northward, a gallant regiment came gaily forth to welcome Shelby. The music of the sabres ran through the valley. Pennons floated wide and free, the burnished guns rose and fell in the dim, undulating swing of perfect horsemen, and the rays of the setting sun shone upon the gold of the epaulettes until, as with fire, they blazed in the delicious haze of the evening.

Some paces forward of all the goodly company rode one who looked a soldier. Mark him well. That regiment there is known as the Empress' Own. The arms of Carlotta are on the blue of the uniforms. That silken flag, though all unbaptized by blood of battle, was wrought by her gentle hands—hands that wove into the tapestry of time a warp and woof sadder than aught of any tragedy ever known before in king-craft or conquest. She was standing by a little altar in the palace of Chapultepec on an afternoon in May. The city of Montezuma was at her feet in the delicious sleep of its siesta.

"Swear," she said, putting forth the unfolded standard until the sweep of its heavy fringes canopied the long, lustrous hair of the Colonel, "swear to be true to king and country."

The man knelt down.

"To king, and *queen* and country," he cried, "while a sword can be drawn or a squadron mustered."

She smiled upon him and gave him her hand as he arose. This he stooped low to kiss, repeating again his oath, and pledging again all a soldier's faith to the precious burden laid upon his honor.

Look at him once more as he rides up from the town through the sunset. At his back is the regiment of Carlotta, and over this regiment the stainless banner of Carlotta is floating. The face is very fair for a Mexican's, and a little Norman in its handsome outlines. Some curls were in the lustrous hair—not masculine curls, but royal enough, perhaps, to recall the valorous deeds that were done at Flodden, when from over seas the beautiful Queen of France, beloved of all gallant gentlemen, sent to the Scottish monarch

“A tourquoise ring, and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love,
To march three miles on English land,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.”

He gave Shelby cordial greeting and made him welcome to San Miguel in the name of the Empire. His eyes, large and penetrating, wore yet a sinister look that marred somewhat the smile that should have come not so often to the face of a Spaniard. He spoke English well, talked much of New York which he had visited, predicted peace and prosperity to Maximilian and his reign after a few evil days, and bowed low in salute when he separated.

That man was Col. Leonardo Lopez, the traitor of Queretaro, the spy of Escabedo, the wretch who sold his flag, the coward who betrayed his regiment, the false knight who denied his mistress, and the decorated and ennobled thing who gave up his Emperor to a dog's death. And the price—thirty thousand dollars in gold. Is it any wonder that his wife forsook him, that his children turned their faces away from him, that the Church refused him asylum, that a righteous soldier of the Liberal cause smote him upon either cheek in presence of an army on parade, and that even the very *lazzaroni* of the streets pointed at him, as he passed, and shouted in voluble derision:

“The Traitor! the Traitor!”

And yet did all these things happen to the handsome horseman who rode up quietly to the Expedition in front of San Miguel, and bade it welcome in the name of the Empire.

Gen. Felix Douay held San Luis Potosi, the great granary of Mexico. It was the brother of this Douay who, surrounded and abandoned at Weissembourg, marched alone and on foot toward the enemy, until a Prussian bullet found his heart. Older, and calmer, and wiser, perhaps, than his brother, Gen. Felix Douay was the strong right arm of Bazaine and of Maximilian. Past sixty, gray-bearded and gaunt, he knew war as the Indian knows a trail. After assigning quarters to the men, he sent at once for Shelby.

"You have come among us for an object," he commenced in perfect English, "and as I am a man of few words, please state to me frankly what that object is."

"To take service under Maximilian," was the prompt reply.

"What are your facilities for recruiting a corps of Americans?"

"So ample, General, that if authority is given me, I can pledge to you the services of fifty thousand in six months."

Some other discourse was had between them, and Douay fell to musing a little. When he was done, he called an aide to his side, wrote a lengthy communication, bade the staff officer take it and ride rapidly to the City of Mexico, returning with the same speed when he had received his answer.

As he extended his hand to Shelby in parting, he said to him:

"You will remain here until further orders. It may be that there shall be work for your hands sooner than either of us expect."

Southward from San Luis Potosi, and running far down to the Gulf, even up to Tampico, was a low, level sweep of land, where marshes abounded and retreats that were almost unknown and well nigh inaccessible. In the fever months, the fatal months of August and September, these dismal fens and swamps were alive with guerrillas. *Vomito* lurked

in the lone lagoons, and lassitude, emaciation and death peered out from behind every palm tree and cypress root. Foreigners there were none who could abide that dull greyish exhalation which wrought for the morning a winding-sheet, and for the French it was not only the valley, but the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Bazaine's light troops, his Voltigeurs and his Chasseurs of Vincennes, had penetrated there and died. Most of the Foreign Legion had gone in there and perished. Two battalions of Zouaves—great, bearded, medalled fellows, bronzed by Syrian night winds, and tempered to steel in the sap and siege of Sebastopol—had borne their eagles backward from the mist, famishing because of a fever which came with the morning and the fog.

No matter how, the guerrillas fattened. Reptiles need little beside the ooze and the fetid vegetation of the lowlands, and so when the rains came and the roads grew wearisome and long, they rose upon the convoys night after night, massacring all that fell into their hands, even the women and the live stock.

Figueroa was the fell spirit of the marshes—a Mexican past forty-five, one-eyed from the bullet of an American's revolver, tall for his race, and so bitter and unrelenting in his hatred of all foreigners, especially Americans, that when he dies he will be canonized. If in all his life he ever knew an hour of mercy or relenting, no record in story or tradition stands as its monument. Backward across the Rio Grande there have been borne many tales of Escabedo and Carabajal, Martinez and Cortina, Lozado the Indian and Rodriguez the renegade priest; but for deeds of desperate butchery and vengeance, the fame of all of these is as the leaves that fell last autumn.

No matter his crimes, however, he fought as few of them do for his native land, and dreaded but two things on earth—Dupin and his Contry-Guerrillas. Twice they had brought him to bay, and twice he had retired deeper and deeper into his jungles, sacrificing all the flower of his following, and pressed so furiously and fast that at no time thereafter could he turn as a hunted tiger and rend the foremost of his pursuers.

Figuroa lay close to the high national road running from San Luis Potosi to Tampico, levying such tribute as he could collect by night and in a manner that left none on the morrow to demand recompense or reckoning. Because it was a post in possession of the French, it was necessary for Douay to have safe and constant intercourse with Tampico. This was impossible so long as Figuroa lived in the marshes and got fat on the fog that brought only fever and death to the Frenchman and the foreigner. Three expeditions had been sent down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death and had returned, those that were left of them soldiers no longer but skeletons whose uniforms served only to make the contrast ghastly. The road was still covered with ambushments, and creeping and crawling forms that murdered when they should have slept.

With the arrival of Shelby a sudden resolution had come to Douay. He meant to give him service in the French army, send him down to fight the fog and Figuroa, and afterwards—well, the future gives generally but small concern to a Frenchman—but afterwards there could have been no doubt of Douay's good intentions, and of a desire to reward all liberally who did his bidding and who came out of the swamps alive. For permission to do this he had sent forward to consult Bazaine, and had halted Shelby long enough to know the Marshal's wishes.

The aid-de-camp returned speedily, but he brought with him only a short, curt order:

"Bid the Americans march immediately to Mexico."

There was no appeal. Douay marshalled the expedition, served it with rations and wine, spoke some friendly and soldierly words to all of its officers, and bade them a pleasant and prosperous journey. Because he possessed no *baton* is no reason why he should not have interpreted aright the future, and seen that the auspicious hours were fast hastening away when it would be no longer possible to recruit an army and attach to the service of Maximilian a powerful corps of Americans. Bazaine had mistrusted their motives from the first, and had been more than misinformed of their movements

and their numbers since the expedition had entered the Empire. As for the Emperor his mind had been poisoned by his Mexican counselors, and he was too busy then with his botany and his butterflies to heed the sullen murmurings of the gathering storm in the North, and to understand all the harsh, indomitable depths of that stoical Indian character which was so soon to rush down from Chihuahua and gratify its ferocious appetite in the blood of the upturn and uprooted dynasty. They laughed at Juarez then, the low, squat Indian, his sinister face scarred with the smallpox like Mirabeau's, and his sleuthhound ways that followed the trail of the Republic, though in the scent there was pestilence, and famine, and death. One day the French lines began to contract as a wave that is baffled and broken. The cliff followed up the wave, and mariners like Douay and Jeanningros, looking out from the quarter-deck, saw not only the granite but the substance the granite typified—they saw Juarez and his forty thousand ragged followers, hungry, brutal, speaking all dialects, grasping bright American muskets, having here and there an American officer in uniform, unappeasable, oncoming—murderous. Again the waves receded and again there was Juarez. From El Paso to Chihuahua, from Chihuahua to Matehuala, to Dolores Hidalgo, to San Miguel, to the very spot on which Douay stood at parting, his bronzed face saddened and his white hair waving in the winds of the summer morning.

It was no war of his, however. What he was sent to do he did. Others planned. Douay executed. It might have been better if the fair-haired sovereign had thought more and asked more of the gray-haired subject.

It was on the third day's march from San Luis Potosi that an ambulance broke down having in its keeping two wounded soldiers of the Expedition. The accident was near the summit of the Madre mountains—an extended range between San Luis Potosi and Penamason—and within a mile of the village of Sumapetla. The rear guard came within without it. In reporting, before being dismissed for the night, Shelby asked the officer of the ambulance.

"It is in Sumapetla," the Captain answered.

"And the wounded?"

"At a house with one attendant."

His face darkened. The whole Madre range was filled with robbers, and two of his best men, wounded and abandoned, were at the mercy of the murderers.

"If a hair of either head is touched," he cried out to the officer, "it will be better that you had never crossed the Rio Grande. What avails all the lessons you have learned of this treacherous and deceitful land, that you should desert comrades in distress, and ride up to tell me the pleasant story of your own arrival and safety? Order Kirtley to report instantly with twenty men."

Capt. James B. Kirtley came—a young, smooth-faced, dauntless officer, tried in the front of fifty battles, a veteran and yet a boy. The men had ridden thirty miles that day, but what mattered it? Had the miles been sixty, the same unquestioned obedience would have been yielded, the same soldierly spirit manifested of daring and adventure.

"Return to Sumapetla," Shelby said, "and find my wounded. Stay with them, wait for them, fight for them, get killed, if needs be, for them, but whatever you do, bring or send them back to me. I shall wait for a day and a night."

A pale-faced man, with his eyes drooping and his form bent, rode up to Shelby. He plucked him by the sleeve and pleaded:

"General, let me go, too. I did not think when I left them. I can fight. Try me, General. Tell Kirtley to take me. It is a little thing I am asking of you, but I have followed you for four years, and I think, small as it is, it will save me."

All Shelby's face lit up with a pity and tenderness that was absolutely winning. He grasped his poor, tried soldier's hand, and spoke to him low and softly:

"Go, and come back again. I was harsh, I know, and over cruel, but between us two there is neither cloud nor shadow of feeling. I do forgive you from my soul."

There were tears in the man's eyes as he rode away, and a heart beneath his uniform that was worth a diadem.

It was ten long miles to Sumapetla, and the night had fallen. The long, swinging trot that Kirtley struck would carry him there in two hours at furthest, and, if needs be, the trot would grow into a gallop.

He rode along his ranks and spoke to his men:

"Keep quiet, be ready, be loaded. You heard the orders. I shall obey them or be even beyond the need of the ambulance we have been sent back to succor."

Sumapetla was reached in safety. It was a miserable, squalid village, filled full of Indians, and beggars, and dogs. In the largest house the wounded men were found—not well cared for, but comfortable from pain. Their attendant, a blacksmith, was busy with the broken ambulance.

Kirtley threw forward piquets and set about seeking for supper. While active in its preparation a sudden volley came from the front—keen, dogged, vicious. From the roar of the guns Kirtley knew that his men had fired at close range and altogether. It was a clear night yet still quite dark in the mountains. Directly a piquet rode rapidly up, not the least excited yet very positive.

"There is a large body in front of us and well armed. They tried a surprise and lost five. We did not think it well to charge, and I have come back for orders. Please say what they are quick, for the boys may need me before I can reach them again."

This was the volunteer who had commanded the rear guard of the day's march.

Skirmishing shots now broke out ominously. There were fifteen men in the village and five on outpost.

"Mount, all," cried Kirtley, "and follow me."

The relief took the road at a gallop.

The space between the robbers and their prey was scarcely large enough for Kirtley to array his men upon. From all sides there came the steady roar of musketry, telling how complete the ambushade and how serviceable the guns. Some fifty paces in the rear of the outpost the road made a sudden turn, leaving at the apex of the acute angle a broken, zig-zag piece of rock-work capable of much sturdy defense,

and not flanked without a rush and a moment or two of desperate in-fighting that is rarely the choice of the guerrillas. This Kirtley had noticed with the eye of a soldier and the quickness of a man who meant to do a soldier's duty first and a comrade's duty afterwards. Because the wounded men had to be saved, was no reason why those who were unwounded should be sacrificed.

He fell back to the rocky ledge facing the robbers. Word sent to the blacksmith in the village to hurry, to make rapid and zealous haste, for the danger was pressing and dire, got for answer in return:

"Captain Kirtley, I am doing my best. A Mexican's blacksmith-shop is an anvil without a hammer, a forge without a bellows, a wheel without its felloes; and I have to make, instead of one thing, a dozen things. It will be two hours before the ambulance is mended."

Very laconic and very true. Kirtley never thought a second time, during all the long two hours, of the smithy in the village, and the swart, patient smith, who within full sound of the struggling musketry, wrought and delved and listened now and then in the intervals of his toil to the rising and falling of the fight, laughing, perhaps low to himself, as his practiced ear caught the various volleys, and knew that neither backward nor forward did the Americans recede nor advance a stone's throw.

The low reach of rock, holding fast to the roots of the trees that grew up from it, and bristling with rugged and stunted shrubs, transformed itself into a citadel. The road ran by it like an arm that encircles a waist. Where the elbow was the Americans stood at bay. They had dismounted and led their horses still further to the rear—far enough to be safe, yet near at hand. From the unknown it was impossible to tell what spectres might issue forth. The robbers held on. From the volume of fire their numbers were known as two hundred—desperate odds, but it was night, and the night is always in league with the weakest.

Disposed among the rocks, about the roots and the trunks of the trees, the Americans fired in skirmishing order

and at will. Three rapid and persistent times the rush of the guerrillas came as a great wave upon the little handful, a lurid wreath of light all along its front, and a noise that was appalling in the darkness. Nothing so terrifies as the oscillation and the roar of a hurricane that is invisible. Hard by the road, Kirtley kept his grasp upon the rock. Nothing shook that—nothing shook the tension of its grim endurance.

The last volley beat full into the faces of all. A soldier fell forward in the darkness.

"Who's hurt?" and the clear voice of Kirtley rang out without a tremor.

"It's me, Jim; it's Walker. Hard hit in the shoulder; but thank God for the breech loader, a fellow can load and fire with one sound arm left."

Bleeding through the few rags stuffed into the wound, and faint from much weakness and pain, Walker mounted again to his post and fought on till the struggle was ended.

Time passed, but lengthily. Nine of the twenty were wounded, all slightly, however, save Walker—thanks to the darkness and the ledge that seemed planted there by a Providence that meant to succor steadfast courage and devotion. The ambulance was done and the wounded were placed therein.

"It can travel but slowly in the night," said Kirtley to William Fell, who had stood by his side through all the bitter battle, "and we must paralyze pursuit a little."

"Paralyze it—how?"

"By a sudden blow, such as a prize-fighter gives when he strikes below the belt. By a charge some good hundred paces in the midst of them."

Fell answered laconically.

"Desperate, but reasonable. I have seen such things done. Will it take long?"

"Twenty minutes all told, and there will be but eleven of us. The nine who are wounded must go back."

The horses were brought and mounted. Walker could scarcely sit in his saddle. As he rode to the rear, two of his

comrades supported him. The parting was ominous—the living, perhaps, taking leave of the dead.

Far into the night and the unknown the desperate venture held its way. Two deep the handful darted out from behind the barricade, firing at the invisible. Spectre answered spectre, and only the ringing of the revolvers was real. The impetus of the charge was such that the line of the robbers' fire was passed before, reined up and countermarching, the forlorn hope could recede as a wave that carried the undertow. The reckless gallop bore its planted fruit. Back through the pass unharmed the men rode, and on by the ledge, and into Sumapetla. No pursuit came after. The fire of the guerrillas ceased ere the charge had been spent, and when the morning came there was the camp, and a thousand blessings for the bold young leader who had held his own so well, and kept his faith as he had kept the fort on its perch among the mountains.

It was a large city set upon a hill that loomed up through the mists of the evening—a city seen from afar and musical with many vesper bells. Peace stood in the ranks of the sentinel corn, and fed with the cattle that browsed by the streams in the meadows. Peace came on the wings of the twilight and peopled the grasses with songs that soothed, and many toned voices that made for the earth a symphony. Days of short parade and longer merry-making dawned for the happy soldiery. The sweet, unbroken south wind brought no dust of battle from the palms and the orange blossoms by the sea. Couriers came and went and told of peace throughout the realm—of robber bands surrendering to law—of railroads planned and parks adorned—of colonists arriving and foreign ships in all the ports—of roads made safe for travel, and public virtue placed at premium in the market lists—of prophecies that brightened all the future, and to the Empire promised an Augustan age. The night and the sky were at peace as the city grew larger and larger on its hill; and a silence came to the ranks of the Expedition that was not broken until the camp became a bivouac with the goddess of plenty to make men sing of fealty and obeisance.

It was the city of Queretaro.

Yonder ruined convent, its gateway crumbling to decay, its fountains strewn with bits of broken shrubs and flowers, held the sleeping Emperor the night the traitor Lopez surrendered all to an Indian vengeance and compassion. When that Emperor awoke he had been dreaming. Was it of Miramar and "Poor Carlotta?"

The convent was at peace then, and the fountains were all at play. Two bearded Zouaves stood in its open door, looking out curiously upon the serried ranks of the Americans as they rode slowly by.

Yonder on the left where a hill arises the capture was made—yonder the Austrian cried out in the agony of this last desertion and betrayal:

"Is there then no bullet for me?"

Later, when the bullets found his heart, they found an image there that entered with his spirit into heaven—the image of "Poor Carlotta."

HISTORICAL NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHY READ HISTORY?

From *The Publishers' Weekly*, Jan. 7, 1922.

A. C. McLaughlin, of the University of Chicago, in a review of "The Chronicles of America" issued by the Yale University Press, made this plea for the reading of history in the New York *Post Literary Review*.

"To say that if the people of a nation are to manage its affairs and determine its policies they should know something of its history is simply to say that they must know its character. For how is character disclosed except by conduct? The saying is so trite it is almost valueless and has long gone unheeded. It is high time that some attention be paid to it. Those, moreover, who are frantically fearful of new nostrums and of violent convulsions in the body politic may be urged to read history. It is quieting to the nerves; it soothes without depressing, but it also clears the vision. It is good for the radical and the revolutionist, too, because he gets some idea of how steadily society has moved on from stage to stage and how the past has insisted on reproducing itself often in a new disguise. The violent reformer will be less ready to husband and fondle his pet cure-alls; he will find, if he thoughtfully reads, that the one thing we can't be rid of is the past; it not only dogs our footsteps, but we meet it face to face at the next turn of the road; and it simply will not be fashioned over in accord with the dictates of a formula. History reading is a wholesome diet for the conservative, for he will discover that, while the past cannot be destroyed, it cannot be preserved unaltered. The historical minded man is sure of one thing: the social order is going to change; for better or for worse change is coming; life is a series of accommodations and readjustments. The reader of history finds that while a generation of men are anxiously attentive to what appears to be the conspicuous tendency of their day there is and has been an unseen current carrying them

towards a condition they have not dreamed of. He will probably find that no generation quite knows itself, because its deeper significance can be comprehended only when one sees its product, and the product is only fully disclosed by the next generation or succeeding stage. The impatient radical and the choleric conservative may, if they will, from history learn modesty, and may each gather respect for the opinion of the other. One of the trying and disturbing manifestations of modern American life is the mental immobility of the conservative, for conservatism so easily becomes obstinacy, and obstinacy begets intolerance, and intolerance makes fellowship and understanding impossible, and misunderstanding foment quarrels. Whether we like it or not, changes are going to come. Let the immobile minded man read history; he is likely to find, if it be real history, that he will be inclined not simply to watch the wake of the vessel, but to peer ahead to see whither the next turn of the wheel may take him."

COMMENTS

I am more than pleased with the work the State Historical Society is doing. It is serving at once the Missourians of today and their children of tomorrow. Again expressing my appreciation as a Missourian for the important work which you are performing so splendidly.—Jesse W. Barrett, Attorney General of Missouri, Jefferson City, Mo., January 23, 1922.

I enjoy the *Review* very much.—Mrs. J. M. Neville, Eldon, Mo., January 13, 1922.

I have been reading for some years *The Missouri Historical Review*, the quarterly publication of the State Historical Society. The last number has 175 pages of most interesting matter about Missouri—a good sized book. I am sure all good Missourians would know more about their state and be prouder of it and its history by reading the four volumes of the *Review* for 1922. It is easy to get and very cheap. Send one dollar (\$1.00) to Floyd C. Shoemaker, Secretary, Columbia, Mo., for membership in the Historical Society, and the *Reviews* will come to you as published. Can you spend a dollar in any better way? I think not after an experience of several years.—From *The Glasgow Missourian*, Glasgow, Missouri.

Enclosed I hand you a dollar to renew membership in the State Historical Society of Missouri with the understanding that I get the *Missouri Historical Review*. I received copy the other day, and was very much pleased with it.—Edgar White, Macon, Mo., January 19, 1922.

I enjoy reading the *Review* and put every copy in my library for reference and use of my children in their school work. Very often they use the *Review* in their work to a good advantage. Each number seems better than the previous one. I hope you will get some of the history of the Ozarks in South Central Missouri in early days, especially during railroad building and mining period, and preserve it.—W. P. Elmer, Legislator, Salem, Mo., January 24, 1922.

I gratefully acknowledge receipt of the two volumes of the *Journal of the Missouri Constitutional Convention of 1875*. I am made to appreciate the good work of our Society in that it has made it possible to obtain this work. I thank you for presenting me with this work, and shall hope to be able thereby to render the 1922 Constitutional Convention some better service.—J. H. Gunn, Bank Cashier, Otterville, Mo., January 7, 1922.

The *Review* is brim-full of good things.—David W. Eaton, Helena, Mont., January 23, 1922.

The *Missouri Historical Review* as a magazine has interested me very much and you are certainly to be congratulated for the kind of work that you are doing.—Esther U. McNitt, Indiana State Library, Indianapolis, Indiana, January 23, 1922.

NEWSPAPERS AND HISTORY.

To Dean Walter Williams, of the school of journalism, University of Missouri, the *Review* is indebted for the courtesy of calling attention to several significant articles on newspapers as sources of history. These articles appeared in *The Newspaper World*, London, and they are as applicable to Missouri as they are to England and Ireland. Through the public-spirited co-operation of Missouri editors, The State Historical Society of Missouri receives for permanent preservation five hundred current newspapers. The Society has in its fireproof library building 12,000 bound volumes of Missouri newspapers. One original file goes back to 1819, and another file in photostatic form also begins in that year. History of worth cannot be written without use of the news-

paper. It is the mirror of our democracy. Its value is beyond estimate as a source of history, biography, genealogy, economic data, and practical information.

NEWSPAPERS AS SOURCES OF HISTORY.

Viscount Bryce, in an address to the members of the Historical Association, assembled on Wednesday at King's College, spoke on "The Value and Use of Original Authorities in History," and, in the course of his remarks, said that the greatest of all sources for the present historian were the newspapers. There were certain points which the historian would have to regard in turning to newspapers. They were: What was the extent of the knowledge of the newspaper?; what was the responsibility under which it published statements?; and whether it did, or did not, wish to state the truth? (Laughter.) He was, he said, sorry to hear that merriment, for he knew of newspapers which were as conscientious as anyone in the room, and those newspapers were very valuable. It was also necessary to consider the class for which the newspaper was writing, for newspapers were inclined to write for people who were in an inactive frame of mind—for people who passed over anything that looked heavy. The newspaper was a better index of popular taste than it was of anything else.

NEWSPAPERS AND HISTORY.

Anent the statement by Viscount Bryce that the "greatest of all sources for the present historian are the newspapers," may I recount a personal experience? When reporter on a Dublin daily, I was anxious to find a record of the little provincial weekly on which I had my first job some twenty years previously. I went to the National Library in Dublin—the fourth largest, I believe, in the Kingdom—and interviewed the chief librarian, Mr. Lyster, a gentleman of erudition and an ardent bibliophile. To my surprise, I found that a large amount of space in a special part of the building was reserved for newspaper files, with admirable facilities for consulting them.

Although the particular file was not complete, it was an interesting experience to see my old paper again. Mr. Lyster said he was most anxious to get complete files of every newspaper and periodical published in Ireland, and laid stress upon their great value to historians, pamphleteers, and others, as time went on. No matter how crude or unpretentious the sheet might be, it had a unique importance, and even the advertisements would supply evidence as to the prosperity, tastes and every-day life of a partic-

ular community. The files were strongly bound, and it was a rare pleasure to look over them. I think this example should be followed in every library—large or small.

JAMES S. HENDERSON.

Derby, January 12, 1922.

MARYVILLE, MISSOURI.

The progressive Chamber of Commerce in the progressive city of Maryville, Missouri, issues a news letter. In it no attempt is made to advance pretensions. In it are no provincial statements. Strangely, in it are no money promises or airy hopes for obtaining industrial plants and factories.

These are some of the extracts from the news letter of January 26, 1922, showing the character of the Maryville Chamber of Commerce and all its leading citizens:

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

There are few things more exasperating than the individual who constantly takes the left side of the walk in a crowded thoroughfare. It is just as easy to take the right side and facilitate traffic instead of blocking it. But there is always he who either wilfully or carelessly walks wherever he pleases, totally oblivious of, or indifferent to, or even rejoicing in the inconvenience he causes to others.

If this lack of consideration stopped on the sidewalk it might not be so bad. But it doesn't. It finds its way into almost every phase of life, resulting in constant obstruction instead of leaving an open road to accomplishment.

The man who incessantly finds fault with social or economic conditions without attempting in a sane manner to rectify the defects which exist, the man who is forever objecting to something, the man who takes no interest in public affairs unless he can see some good accruing primarily to himself, the man who is so narrow that he can see no sincerity except his own, or who is prejudiced against another because of religion, race, politics, business, or profession, is continually blocking the highway of advancement. He's on the wrong side of the road—KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

ANOTHER PROGRESSIVE MOVE.

One of the most worth while things Maryville business and professional men have done is the organization of a Maryville Country Club. They have secured beautiful grounds on the Prather land, one half-mile west of town.

Nodaway County again leads by establishing a co-operative Health Department in conduct of which the U. S. Public Health Service, International Health Board, State Board of Health, County Board of Health are co-operating in to establish a Model Health Department for Nodaway County. Dr. C. P. Fryar has been secured as full time Health Officer to take charge of this department.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WEEKLY DINNERS.

Monday evening dinners will be more interesting than ever, since the appointment of a committee, whose business it will be to secure speakers and entertainers for each meeting. One of the most enjoyable times we have had was last Monday evening when the men who attended Farmers' Week at Columbia made talks after 6:30 dinner at the Hotel Bainum. The men who spoke were: R. A. Kinnaird, C. D. Bellows, Ernest Wray, Emmett Bishop, John R. Evans and Geo. Neal. You are going to miss something if you do not attend these meetings. Please make reservations before 2:00 p. m. Monday so we can make reservations at the hotel.

NODAWAY COUNTY WON.

In the Better Bull contest in the 114 counties of Missouri competing for the \$1,000 cash prize for replacing the most Scrub Bulls offered by the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, Nodaway County won by a large margin—replacing 123 scrub bulls with purebreds. Their nearest rival only replaced 66. While Nodaway already deserves the name "Queen of the Northwest" she is really just getting started to become famous. Nodaway County believes in being "Go Getters."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO MISS THEM?

You are missing a chance to get acquainted with the fine country business men and women of Nodaway County if you don't attend some of the community meetings where we are invited to show our Chamber of Commerce and Nodaway County Film. Here are some of the unfilled dates:

DID YOU SEE THE ST. LOUIS SUNDAY STAR?

Last Sunday's edition of the St. Louis Star had six pictures of Maryville buildings and over a column and a half article about the town, Chamber of Commerce and Nodaway County. If we were not so modest the metropolitan papers might have many interesting articles about Nodaway.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

It pays to pay attention to what kind of advertising is being used. If nothing is done we usually get credit for little, or something that is not the most important. A visitor from Minnesota told us the other day that in Minnesota, Missouri did not amount to much, but they thought of the Ozarks and some uncomplimentary things, instead of a state with the most wonderful natural resources of any in the United States.

Isn't it about time we joined hands to organize a State Chamber of Commerce, compile data about Missouri and do some intelligent, systematic advertising? We have plenty to advertise but advertise nothing. Let's be "Go Getters" and make use of our resources.

These extracts from this one number of the Maryville Chamber of Commerce news letter contain more indications of progress, stimulations for thinking and development of community pride than fifty per cent of the magazines on sale at news stands. Everyone reading these extracts is benefited, encouraged, and instructed. What will be the result of this sane presentation of facts? The citizens of Maryville and Nodaway county will continue along the upward path of real progress. This will result in better farming, better business, better banks, more beautiful homes, more widespread up-to-date educational facilities, and increased well being among the citizens. We suggest watching this city, not as a metropolitan but as a model city. Maryville, Missouri, has a future even greater than her present.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

St. Louis, December 27-31, 1921.

One of the most interesting meetings of the American Historical Association was its recent session in St. Louis in December, 1921. The committee on program, consisting of Evarts B. Greene, Chairman, Walter L. Heming, Thos. M. Marshall, N. A. Olsen, John C. Parish, Chas. Seymour, and Norman M. Trenholme, successfully arranged a diversified series of addresses and papers which were received with enthusiasm. The civic bodies and institutions of St. Louis lent the association every courtesy and form of hospitality. Luncheons, dinners, and receptions, followed with rather unusual frequency. In fact, so far as personal experiences were recounted, the association never had a better program or enjoyed more lavish hospitality. The hospitality of the trustees of the Missouri Botanical Garden in welcoming the entire association to a dinner at the Hotel Jefferson will stand as a significant feature in the annals of the association's meetings.

There were several features of this meeting which help mark the cosmopolitan character of the American Historical Association. It was held in the Middle West. This gave opportunity for the Middle West to present her historical fruits, and she did present them with the approval of all. Some of the best contributions were by western scholars, and among these Missouri had able representatives. Again, the meeting was in St. Louis, and this was the year of Jules Jusserand's presidency of the association. An American city built on French traditions receiving a French ambassador as the leader of American historians. And the appropriateness was more than symbolical. The president of the American Historical Association found home and friends in St. Louis. Finally, the meeting through the wisdom of the program committee commemorated in one session the centennial of

Missouri's admission to the Union. This honor to the State was deeply appreciated by the many Missourians attending the meeting. The formal account of the session, the business meeting, and the papers will appear in the publications of the association.

COMMUNICATION.

Federal Building, Helena, Mont., Jan. 25, 1922.

According to promise I am sending you a letter from Mrs. Sarah Susan (Kennett) Richardson of this city describing the heirlooms in her possession. I think her letter of sufficient interest to warrant publication in your "Notes and Comments."

Mrs. Richardson is a great great granddaughter of John Smith, T. It is a tradition in the family that he had no less than 15 duels. One of these is well described by John F. Darby, in his *Recollections*.

DAVID W. EATON.

ONE OF JOHN SMITH, T'S DUELING PISTOLS.

This pistol is what is known as the right hand pistol. It is a tradition in the family that it was made by an old slave gunsmith belonging to John Smith, T. It is the old fashioned flint lock variety. The barrel is octagon, smooth bore, with silver front sight.

An inlaid gold band 3-32 of an inch encircles the barrel breech of the pistol on the left hand side in an elliptical inlay of gold, its long axis almost 6-16 of an inch, and its shorter axis 5-16 of an inch.

The stock is made from a piece of walnut root from a tree on the plantation of John Smith, T. About the middle of the stock on the top is another inlay of gold, elliptical in shape, long axis $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, short axis $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, the long axis is crosswise of the handle.

Just at this time much is being made of the old fashioned sampler which used to be the means by which our grandmothers were taught to do the fine hand sewing for which they were all so famous.

Rich or poor, every girl must make a sampler before she was fifteen, preferably before ten years had passed over her head. The finer the stitches and pattern the better opinion was held of the young woman, and the more she was thought of by her elders.

I have in my possession one of these samplers of which I am very proud, not only that it was made by a member of our family with whom we are glad to be related, but also that it is of such fine and delicate needlework.

This sampler was given me by my grandmother and I gave its history as she and my mother often told it to me.

Matilda Lincoln was an orphan cousin of the President Abraham Lincoln. She was raised in the home of my great grandfather, John Geiger, also a cousin of Lincoln's. At an early age she started her sampler and I describe it thus:

Twenty-one inches square, of what is now known as handkerchief linen. It was first hemmed by hand with the finest possible stitches, this hem being one-eighth of an inch wide. Next a drawn work border of the same width as the hem was put in one-half inch inside of the hem. Now the goods was properly prepared for the design. This consisted of four different verses or mottoes of four lines each, placed in the four corners of the linen square and each followed by the maker's name, Matilda Lincoln.

The method employed to put these verses on the linen is unique—fine brown linen thread is used and the letters of the words are scarcely an eighth of an inch tall, formed by cross stitching, the size produced by using two linen threads as the sides of the squares.

The four little verses are as follows:

"Affection is the glittering wreath:
Of snow work in the sun
Pleasures the rockets shining course
Ended e'er well begun."

—Matilda Lincoln.

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see
To think of flowers yet to bloom
From dust that I must be."

—Matilda Lincoln.

"Will titles, birth and pompous show
Youth, beauty, wit combined
Will these I ask, avert the woe
Entailed on human kind."

—Matilda Lincoln.

"Why regret departing years
Which swift and onward fly
Oh, let us upward fix our gaze
On things above the sky."

—Matilda Lincoln.

The finishing touch to the sampler was an edging of knitted lace three-quarters of an inch wide all around the square.

How many hours of patient and painstaking toil are represented by any and all of the samplers of olden time! But I have

never yet seen one of such minute stitching as the one I possess, although I know that there must be many more of this same delicate type in existence, some of which I hope it may be my pleasure some day to see.

SUSAN K. RICHARDSON.

MISSOURI BOOK WEEK.

The first statewide book week in the United States was observed in Missouri February 12-18, 1922. The purpose of Missouri's Book Week was to stimulate the reading of books and interest in the establishment of libraries. According to the Missouri State Library Commission there are 89 counties in the State without a single tax supported free library and there are 2,000,000 people in the State without library service. The county library act passed by the 1921 Legislature is practically the first opportunity Missouri counties have had to establish libraries under its provisions. This act provides that on the petition of one hundred voters any county may vote upon the establishment of a county library. County libraries have been found successful in many other states, notably Ohio, Oregon, and California where the plan originated in 1910. The county library is supported by a small tax not to exceed two mills in Missouri. It is less expensive than the maintenance of separate libraries in each town. It is more satisfactory because more books may be had at a less cost and because it serves people outside of the towns. It is possible for towns and cities having tax supported libraries to continue their independent libraries if they wish, in which case they are not taxed for the county library system. Hon. Sam A. Baker, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, indorsed Missouri Book Week and it was widely observed over the State.

MISSOURI HISTORY NOT FOUND IN TEXTBOOKS

COMPILED BY J. WILLARD RIDINGS.

SOME "FIRST" THINGS OF KANSAS CITY.

From *Kansas City Journal*, October 2, 1921.

Francois Chouteau, fur trader and son of Pierre Chouteau of St. Louis, was the first white man to settle within the present city limits of Kansas City in 1820.

The first white settlement in Jackson county was made in 1808 at Fort Osage, twenty miles east of Kansas City.

The first name for Kansas City was Chouteau's Landing.

The first townsite company for the City of Kansas was formed in 1838.

The first cargo of merchandise was landed at the Kansas City levee by Bent and St. Vrain in 1845.

William Miles Chick built the first home on the Walnut street bluff and John McCoy built the first brick house within the corporate limits of the new town.

The first town plat was filed in 1839.

The first mayor was W. S. Gregory in 1853.

William B. Evans opened the first tavern in 1839.

The first postmaster of the town of Kansas was William M. Chick, appointed in 1845.

The first banking firm was formed by Coates & Hood in 1856.

The first Chamber of Commerce was established and charter obtained November 9, 1857.

The first fire department was organized in 1867. Col. Frank Foster was chief.

The first passenger train came into Kansas City over the Missouri Pacific tracks from St. Louis September 25, 1865.

The first bridge to span the Missouri river was the Hannibal bridge, opened to the public July 3, 1869.

The first school building was the Washington, opened in April, 1868. The first school board was formed in 1867.

BUILDING THE MISSOURI PACIFIC.

From *The Kansas City Times*, February 25, 1922.

Construction work on the Missouri Pacific railroad, then known as the Pacific Railroad of Missouri, was begun in St. Louis on July 4, 1851, when Mayor Kennett threw the first spade full of earth into the Chouteau pond, west of Fifteenth street.

The first track iron for the Pacific Railroad was received in St. Louis in April, 1852, from England. The first locomotive on the road, which was also the first locomotive west of the Mississippi River, was placed in service November 12, 1852, running between St. Louis and Manchester Road.

Construction work, under the supervision of James P. Kirkwood, the first chief engineer of the Pacific Railroad, rapidly was pushed westward, and on July 19, 1853, the first division, thirty-nine miles in length, was entirely completed and opened for operation. The terminus of this division was a little west of what is now the town of Pacific. The event was celebrated by a grand excursion; a large engine called the "St. Louis" hauled twelve passenger coaches, making the trip to the end of the line in one hour and fifty minutes, which at that time was considered a wonderful rate of speed.

On February 10, 1855, the road was completed to Washington, a distance of fifty-five miles; August 6, 1855, to Hermann, a distance of eighty-one miles, and on November 1, 1855, to Jefferson City, a distance of 125 miles. To celebrate the opening of the road to Jefferson City, on November 1, 1855, a train of fourteen passenger coaches left St. Louis for Jefferson City. It was a very disagreeable, rainy day, and when the train reached the Gasconade River, the wooden trestle work between the east bank of the river and the first pier went down, carrying in its downward plunge of thirty feet the engine and seven passenger cars, six other passenger cars rolling down the embankment, only one car, the last one in the train, remaining on the track. Thirty-one passengers, among them many prominent men of St. Louis, lost their lives in the disaster, and many others were injured. As night came on the storm became more intense, with heavy wind and rain, which hampered the work of caring for the dead and injured. The heavy rains caused the rivers to become flooded, and another bridge between there and St. Louis was washed out, making it necessary to bring the dead and wounded to St. Louis by steamboat.

The road was completed to Tipton, 163 miles from St. Louis, in July, 1858; to Sedalia, 188 miles, in February, 1861. Construction was then interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War. Great destruction of railroad property occurred during the war. In 1863 the road was completed to Dresden, and the following year to Warrensburg.

General Price, in his famous raid of 1864, destroyed the bridges spanning the Osage and Gasconade rivers, machine shops and water tanks and tore up almost the entire track between Pacific and Kansas City. Over one million dollars worth of property was in this manner destroyed, and the road left nearly a total wreck.

Later under protection of the United State government, the road was rebuilt and extensions continued.

In May, 1865, the road was completed to Holden, and in the meantime construction work was begun at Kansas City eastward, ground being broken in Kansas City for the Pacific Railroad July 25, 1860, building toward Pleasant Hill to connect with the main line coming west from St. Louis. The line was finally connected up, and the first passenger train came into the East Bottoms of Kansas City from St. Louis September 25, 1865, and on November 15, the terminus at Kansas City was extended from the East Bottoms to Grand avenue.

The line, Tipton to Boonville, was constructed by the Osage Valley and Southern Kansas Railroad Company, construction into Boonville being completed in November, 1868, and this property leased to the Pacific Railroad, the latter company commencing operation thereon November 20, 1868.

Construction of the line, Tipton to Versailles, was done under contract with the Osage Valley and Southern Kansas Railroad Company by Joseph L. Stephens. It was completed July 1, 1881, and leased to the Pacific Railroad.

PERSONALS.

Judge A. D. Burnes: Born October 28, 1864, at Hampton, Missouri; died November 30, 1921, at Platte City, Missouri. He was educated in law at the University of Missouri and then returned to Platte County to practice, where he served two terms as prosecuting attorney. He was elected circuit judge in 1898, and re-elected in 1904, 1910 and 1916.

Philip Christian Ganz: Born at Palmyra, Missouri, November 1, 1857; died at Palmyra March 14, 1921. In connection with M. P. Drummond, in 1882 he established at Palmyra the *Marion County Herald* and was for some time the editor of this paper. In 1890 he moved to Macon and became the publisher of the *Macon Republican*. He was prominent in the municipal life of Macon, serving two terms as mayor. He was also twice president of the Missouri Press Association, in 1906 and 1907.

Senator Frisby H. McCullough: Born in Marion county, Missouri, November 25, 1862; died at Edina, Missouri, March 5, 1922. He was educated in the public schools and at Georgetown University. For a time he held a position

in the general land office at Washington, D. C. Later he practiced law in several counties of northern Missouri. He became prominent in political matters of Knox county, and served as mayor of Edina and also as prosecuting attorney of Knox county. He served as State Senator from the Twelfth district in the 51st General Assembly.

Hon. Robert B. Middlebrook: Born at Trumbell, Connecticut, September 3, 1855; died at Kansas City, Missouri, July 26, 1921. He graduated in law from Yale University in 1878 and came to Kansas City to practice. In 1888 he was appointed assistant city attorney, serving five years. In 1897 he was appointed city counselor and served four years in that capacity. In 1910-11 he served as judge of the circuit court in Kansas City.

Hon. John F. Shafroth: Born at Fayette, Missouri, June 9, 1854; died at Denver, Colorado, February 20, 1922. He went to Colorado as a young man and there became active in politics. He served the State of Colorado twice as Governor, in 1908 and 1910, three times as Congressman, in 1896, 1900, and 1904; and once as United States Senator, in 1912.

Senator Loren E. Seneker: Born November 23, 1869, at Mt. Vernon, Missouri; died October 18, 1921, at Mt. Vernon. He was educated at Marionville College and at the State Normal at Warrensburg. He was elected mayor of Mt. Vernon three times and in 1902 was elected county clerk of Lawrence County. He served as State Senator from the Eighteenth district in the 51st General Assembly.

HISTORICAL ARTICLES IN MISSOURI NEWSPAPERS

JANUARY-MARCH, 1921.

- Audrain County. Mexico, *Weekly Ledger*.
 Feb. 10. Election of 1840 and party leaders of that time.
 Feb. 17. First General Assembly of Missouri met in St. Louis. Reprinted from the *Columbia Evening Missourian*.
 ———— Vandalla, *Leader*.
 Jan. 7. Hyde is seventh native Missouri governor. Facts concerning nativity of former governors.
- Andrew County. Savannah, *Reporter*.
 Jan. 28. Sketch of the life of Charles F. Booher, Missouri Congressman from the fourth district.
- Atchison County. Rockport, *Atchison County Journal*.
 Mar. 3. A view of Rockport in early '70's. (A cut.)
 ———— *Atchison County Mail*.
 Feb. 18. Sketch of the life of Capt. Geo. Steck, Union veteran.
- Barry County. Cassville, *Republican*.
 Jan. 6. Sketch of the life of Capt. John A. Livingston, Union veteran.
- Boone County. Centralia, *Fireside Guard*.
 Jan. 21. Centralia in 1856. Some facts about the building of the North Missouri Railroad.
 Early hunting days.
 Feb. 4. From Harvey Hulen. Random reminiscences of pioneer days. Continued in issues of February 11, 18 and March 11.
- *Columbia, Evening Missourian*.
 Jan. 3. Rival towns bid for site of university.
 Incidents relating to the location of the state institution.
- Jan. 4. Late Missouri philanthropist founded Ozark towns. Sketch of Col. Jay L. Torrey, by James McClain.
 Circuit Rider enjoys Boone county history.
 A sketch of Boone county, reprinted from the *Kansas City Star*.
- Jan. 11. Sketch of the life of Dr. S. S. Laws, former president of the University of Missouri.
 See also issue of January 12th.
- Jan. 14. A descriptive sketch of the village of Hallsville, with some historical facts.
- Jan. 22. Sketch of the life of Dr. R. H. Jesse, former president of the University of Missouri.
- Jan. 26. Many towns grew because of steamers. Some historical facts concerning Missouri River navigation.
- Jan. 28. Battle in '64 fought close to Centralia. The story of the Centralia massacre.
- Jan. 31. First General Assembly of State met in St. Louis.
 Past generations had their pride in "Athens of the West."
 A description of Columbia, taken from an atlas of 1876.
- Feb. 15. Sketch of Dr. A. W. McAlester, first Dean of the University of Missouri School of Medicine, on the occasion of his birthday.

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- Feb. 28. _____, *Herald Statesman*.
State's centenary recalls incidents in early history.
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- March. _____, *Missouri Alumnus*.
Reminiscences of a graduate of 1873. Continued in April issue.
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- Feb. 17. _____, *Sturgeon, Missouri Leader*.
History of the railroads. How Sturgeon got the Wabash and lost the Chicago & Alton.
- Buchanan County. *St. Joseph, Gazette*.
Jan. 9. Missouri's record in five wars symbolized on walls of State Capitol. Historical settings of capitol paintings.
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- Jan. 21. _____, *News-Press*.
Sketch of the life of Charles F. Booher, representative in Congress from the fourth Missouri district. See also the *Gazette* for January 22nd.
- Jan. 24. Sketch of the life of Wm. D. Maxwell, pioneer citizen.
- Feb. 24. Sketch of the life of Lucian E. Carter, Union veteran. See also *Gazette* for February 25th.
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- Jan. 22. _____, *Observer*.
Lieutenant-Governors who helped make Missouri history.
- Jan. 29. Sketch of the life of Chas. F. Booher.
- Feb. 5. The men who acted as Secretary of State and did their part in making the history of Missouri.
- Callaway County. *Fulton, Missouri Telegraph*.
Feb. 24. Callaway's first telephone. Reprinted from the *Ashland Bugle*.
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- Jan. 13. _____, *Gazette*.
Sketch of the life of S. S. Laws, first president of Westminster College. See also issue of January 20th.
- Cape Girardeau County. *Jackson, Missouri Cash-Book*.
Jan. 20. Early attorneys of old Jackson. Continued in issue of March 24th.
- Carroll County. *Carrollton Republican Record*.
Mar. 24. *Republican-Record* is 53 years old; a historical sketch.
- Cass County. *Harrisonville, Cass County Democrat*.
Mar. 31. Sketch of the life of Major Lee Glandon, Union veteran.
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- Mar. 4. _____, *Pleasant Hill, Times*.
Recalls the Quantrell raid. Reprinted from the *Warrensburg, Star-Journal*.
- Chariton County. *Salisbury, Press-Spectator*.
Jan. 7. Chariton county is 100 years old Saturday. A historical sketch, reprinted from the *Keytesville Chariton Courier*.
- Clark County. *Kahoka, Clark County Courier*.
Jan. 21. Old residence burns. Some facts about pioneer home. Chapters of Clark county history. See also issue of March 11th.

- Jan. 28. The city of St. Francisville; a historical sketch. Continued in issue of February 4th.
- Mar. 18. Clark-Lewis county line; some historical facts.
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- Jan. 7. Chapters from the history of Clark county. Continued in issues of January 14, 21, 28; February 4, 11, 18, 25; March 4, 11, 18, 25. *Gazette-Herald.*
- Feb. 18. E. B. Christy, founder of this paper, tells of launching the enterprise 50 years ago.
- Feb. 25. The *Gazette-Herald's* 50th anniversary. Some historical facts.
- Clay County. Liberty, *Tribune.*
- Jan. 28. Last of the Pony Express. Reprinted from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*
- Cole County. Jefferson City, *Cole County Weekly Rustler.*
- Feb. 11. Judge Woodside tells of effort to recover mules during Civil War.
- Cooper County. Boonville, *Weekly Advertiser.*
- Feb. 11. Relic of slavery days. List of market quotations on slaves.
- Feb. 25. Sketch of the life of Charles C. Eldredge, Union veteran.
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- Mar. 18. Bunceton, *Eagle.*
- The old Providence-Bunceton Presbyterian church. A short history.
- Davies County. Gallatin, *North Missourian.*
- Jan. 6. Alexander Monroe Dockery and some happenings. Dockery's part in national affairs. Continued in issues of January 13, 20, 27; February 3, 10, 17. By Rollin J. Britton.
- Dunklin County. Kennett, *Dunklin Democrat.*
- Mar. 4. Sketch of the life of James M. Douglass, former county official.
- Gentry County. Albany, *Ledger.*
- Mar. 3. Sketch of the life of A. B. Ross, Union veteran. See also *Albany Capital* for March 3rd.
- Greene County. Springfield, *Leader.*
- Jan. 6. Battle of Springfield was fought here 58 years ago. The story of a Civil War engagement.
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- Feb. 6. Old timers recall interesting story of Bread Tray Hill. A tradition of the Ozarks. *Republican.*
- Grundy County. Trenton, *Weekly Republican.*
- Mar. 3. Sketch of the life of S. A. Allen, pioneer newspaper man.
- Henry County. Windsor, *Review.*
- Feb. 17. Forgot the Indians. An incident of Quantrell's raid on Lawrence, Kansas.
- Holt County. Oregon, *Holt County Sentinel.*
- Jan. 28. Sketch of the life of Frederick Markt, Sr., pioneer and Union veteran.

- Feb. 4. Sketch of the life of Thomas Hill, Union veteran.
 Feb. 18. Sketch of the life of C. W. Bowman, founder of the *Sentinel*.
- Howard County. *Fayette, Advertiser*.
 Mar. 10. Famous Howard Countians.
- Howell County. *West Plains, Journal*.
 Mar. 10. Sketch of the life of C. E. Burnett, county official.
- Jackson County. *Kansas City, Post*.
 Jan. 2. Paintings depicting martial history of Missouri to be unveiled.
 Article concerning State capitol historical paintings.
 ———, *Star*.
 Jan. 2. Geographical names in Missouri pay tribute to Daniel Boone.
 Observations on Boone county. *Star*.
 Jan. 9. As Missouri unveils the mural paintings in its new capitol.
 Reproductions and sketches of the capitol paintings.
 Feb. 9. Missouri ready to join the centenarian's club. Story of the
 State's admission into the Union. *Star*.
 Feb. 15. When a "Legislative War" was fought in Kansas. Story of the
 struggle of the "Douglas House" (Republican) for control
 of the Kansas legislature in 1893.
- Jasper County. *Carthage, Press*.
 Jan. 13. Sketch of the life of David Hopkins, former county official and
 State legislator.
 ———, *Joplin, Globe*.
 Jan. 28. Fighting fires in the early days in Joplin.
 Special mining edition with considerable data on develop-
 ment of Joplin field.
 Feb. 20. State's centenary recalls incidents in early history.
 ———, *Sarcoxis, Record*.
 Feb. 10. This county from 1867. Continued in issues of February 17,
 24; March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.
- Johnson County. *Warrensburg, Star-Journal*.
 Jan. 4. No shafts for Indians who rode to save a city. Incident of
 Quantrell's raid on Lawrence, Kansas.
- Knox County. *Edina, Sentinel*.
 Jan. 27. A good story of Bethel. Some facts about community enter-
 prise of 1845. Reprinted from the *Pershing Way Magazine*.
- Lafayette County. *Lexington, News*.
 Jan. 13. Sketch of the life of James K. Gray, former county official.
 Jan. 20. Lafayette county hangings. A list of legal executions in the
 history of the county.
 Mar. 17. Sketch of the life of C. A. Keith, former county official.
 ———, *Odessa, Democrat*.
 Feb. 11. Sketch of the life of E. T. Lee, Confederate veteran. See also
Odessa Missouri Ledger for February 11th.
 ———, *Missouri Ledger*.
 Jan. 21. The centenary for Lafayette county. Some facts about early
 settlers. Continued in issue of January 28th.

- Lewis County. Labelle, *Star*.
 Feb. 19. Clark County's historic house. A few facts about early settlers.
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- Monticello, *Lewis County Journal*.
 Jan. 14. Story of two historic residences.
- Lincoln County. Elsberry, *Democrat*.
 Jan. 28. Bethel a most novel town. Some historic notes on famous Missouri town.
 Feb. 4. Sketch of the life of E. B. Hull, Confederate veteran and former State legislator.
 Mar. 25. Good Civil War story. A story of Price's cavalry. Reprinted from Jefferson City *Mosby's Missouri Message*.
- Macon County. Macon, *Republican*.
 Mar. 17. To celebrate Missouri centenary. Some historic facts about Missouri's admission into the Union.
- Marion County. Palmyra, *Spectator*.
 Jan. 19. Account of the first courthouse of Marion county. Reprinted from the *Spectator* of July 19, 1900.
- Monroe County. Paris, *Monroe County Appeal*.
 Mar. 4. True story of the border war. A tale of 1856, by B. F. Blanton.
- Montgomery County. Montgomery City, *Standard*.
 Feb. 11. Missouri's governors. A chronological list, with some data.
- Morgan County. Versailles, *Statesman*.
 Jan. 6. Sketch of the life of A. J. McPeak, Union veteran.
- Pemiscot County. Caruthersville, *Democrat*.
 Jan. 25. Missouri's Governors, past and present.
- Pike County. Bowling Green, *Times*.
 Jan. 13. The burning of Pike's historic courthouse, March 18, 1864.
 Mar. 5. Champ Clark memorial number. See also issue of March 10th and 17th.
 Mar. 24. The Missouri tavern. Reprinted from the *Missouri Historical Review*. Continued in issue of March 31st.
- Polk County. Bolivar, *Herald*.
 Mar. 10. Reminiscences of Rev. G. H. Higginbotham. Descriptions of pioneer life. Continued in issues of March 17, 24, 31.
- Ralls County. New London, *Ralls County Record*.
 Feb. 4. The old reporter lights his pipe. Random recollections of early-day events in New London.
 Mar. 11. The romance of Fisher's cave.
 Mar. 18. White Flower, the Indian princess. An early-day legend.
 Mar. 25. The "Ha'nt" at Cedar Bluff. Tradition.
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- Perry, *Enterprise*.
 Feb. 3. School days of 30 years ago and how boys were punished.
- Ray County. Lawson, *Review*.
 Jan. 13. Lawson's first school.

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- Richmond, *Missourian*.
 Jan. 6. The town of Knoxville. A very short sketch.
- St. Charles County. St. Charles, *Cosmos-Monitor*.
 Jan. 26. The times have changed. Some facts concerning St. Charles as a State capital.
 Feb. 16. Sketch of the life of J. P. Renno, Union veteran.
- St. Francois County. Farmington, *Times*.
 Feb. 11. Frenzied justice in Ozark region in early days. Extracts from an address by L. B. Woodside before Bar Association of 19th judicial circuit. Reprinted from Cape Girardeau Sun.
- St. Louis City. *America at Work*.
 Jan. 13. Building locomotives in St. Louis in 1853.
 Mar. 17. St. Louis contributions to American progress.
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- Globe-Democrat*.
 Jan. 9. History of Missouri depicted in gripping manner by new art works in State capitol. With reproductions of art work.
 Mar. 19. Sketch of the life of Judge Geo. D. Reynolds. See also St. Louis Star for March 19th.
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- Journal of the Missouri State Medical Association*.
 Jan. Child hygiene in Missouri. A survey of work done. By C. P. Knight, M. D.
 Feb. An infant welfare station in St. Louis in 1906. By Adrien Bleyer, M. D.
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- Missouri's Young Men*.
 Jan.-Mar. History of the Y. M. C. A. in Missouri.
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- Post-Dispatch*.
 Jan. 2. Last of old slave barracks in St. Louis. With description of slave life in early days.
 Jan. 9. Diary of fur trader sheds light on conditions in Missouri Territory more than 100 years ago. Diary of John C. Luttig in 1812.
 Jan. 30. Sketch of the life of Rear Admiral Ed. D. Taussig. How the first St. Louis directory was issued just 100 years ago this spring.
 Feb. 3. Sketch of the life of Prof. Max W. Zach, conductor of the St. Louis symphony orchestra. See also St. Louis Star and Globe-Democrat of same date.
 Mar. 2. Sketch of the life of Champ Clark. See all other State papers on and after this date.
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- Star*.
 Feb. 22. Henry Clay, 100 years ago today, opened way to Missouri statehood. Story of the second Missouri compromise.
- St. Louis County. Carondelet, *News*.
 Jan. 7. Comments and chronicles of the Carondelet of years ago. Continued in issues of January 14, 21, 28; February 4, 11, 18, 25; March 4, 11, 18, 25.
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- Clayton, *St. Louis County Sentinel*.
 Jan. 28. Sketch of the life of R. B. Denny, Union veteran.

Scotland County. *Memphis, Democrat.*

- Feb. 10. County history interestingly recalled. Some "first" things in Scotland county.

Revelle.

- Mar. 3. A century of Missouri Agriculture. Reprinted from the *Missouri Historical Review*.

Scott County. *Sikeston, Standard.*

- Feb. 4. Old time attorneys of Jackson, Missouri. Reprinted from the *Jackson Cash-Book*.

- Mar. 18. True story of the border war, by B. F. Blanton. Reprinted from *Paris Monroe County Appeal*.

Texas County. *Houston, Herald.*

- Jan. 20. Ghosts of the past. A tale of a Kansas election at Osage City in the '70's.

Looking backward. Recollections of early days in Texas county. Continued in issues of February 3, 10; March 24, 31.

Warren County. *Warrenton, Banner.*

- Jan. 14. Sketch of the life of Dr. C. O. Foreman, Confederate veteran and pioneer physician.

- Feb. 18. Flint fire clay in Warren county. A history of the industry. By Herbert Kriege.

Webster County. *Marshfield, Mail.*

- Feb. 24. Reminiscences of I. F. King concerning early days in Webster county.

- Mar. 31. History of the Rader family in Webster county. By Hans M. Rader.



